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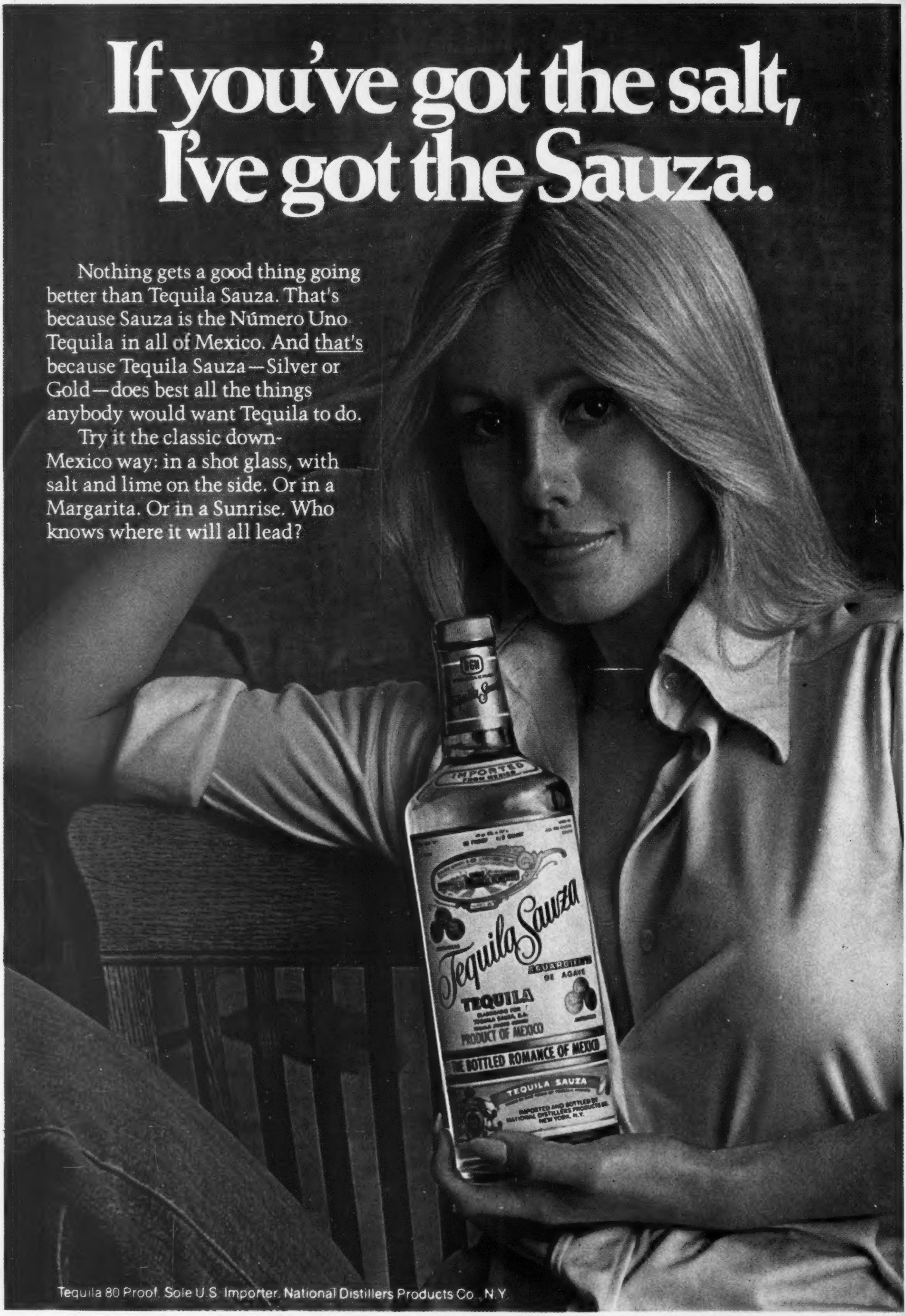
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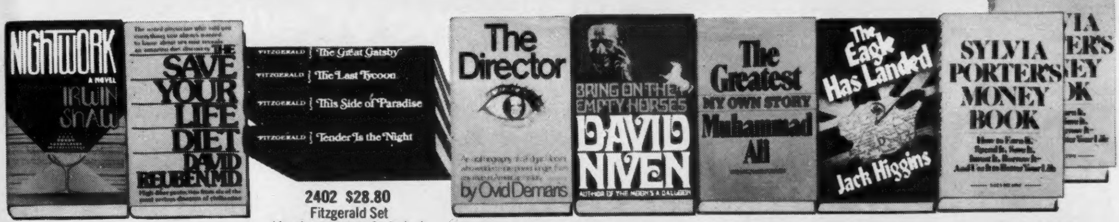
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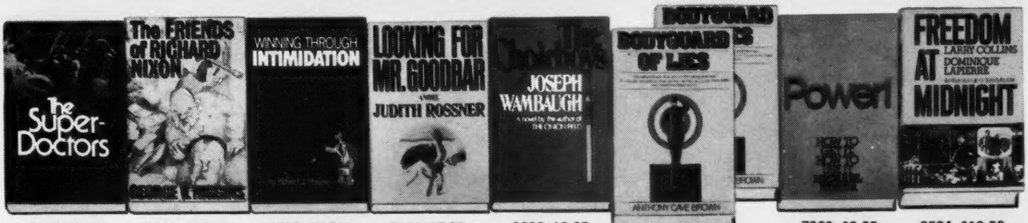
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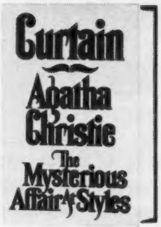
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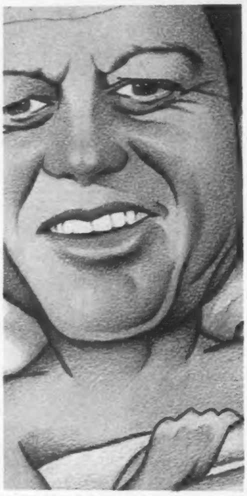

TOP OF THE NEWS

Jack, Judy, Sam and Johnny

Weeks after the headlines have faded, the questions remain: Was John Kennedy's interest in Judith Exner exploited? If so, by whom and to what end?

By Robert Sam Anson
Page 20

COVER
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TOP OF THE NEWS

The CIA campus tapes

Ahmad Jabbari, a Persian economist studying for his Ph.D. at Washington University, was approached by a CIA agent who asked him to spy on Iran for the U.S. government. Though he never had any intention of accepting the offer, Jabbari played along with the agent, taping all their conversations and learning something about the American intelligence community.

By Frances FitzGerald
Page 36

THESE ARE NEW TIMES

In the vanguard

You no longer have to leave home to hit the road, as thousands of Southern California van owners can attest. Sales of these ultimate station wagons are booming as a whole new lifestyle—the Ethic of Cozy—spreads across America.

By Lucian K. Truscott IV
Page 42

THESE ARE NEW TIMES

Gimme shelter

In the late Fifties, when the Cold War was continually threatening to turn hot, thousands of Americans fell to constructing bomb shelters for themselves and their families in anticipation of the holocaust. With the advent of détente, people have turned to worrying about other things and, with that old Yankee ingenuity, have fashioned their shelters into wine cellars, warehouses, toolsheds. . .

By Sonny Kleinfield
Page 50

REVIEWS

Movies: Great pretender, true king or some such
Kubrick spent some $10 million on *Barry Lyndon*, Huston $8.5 million on *The Man Who Would Be King*. For our reviewer's money, the latter is the best bet.
By Richard Corliss
Page 55

Music: Ten worth another listen
By Janet Maslin
Page 58

Books: "Go ahead, get it done. . . ."

In *A Man Named Tony,* Stuart Brown details events surrounding the Yablonski assassinations but fails to examine a society that nurtures such institutionalized murders.
By Geoffrey Wolff
Page 64

Letters Page 4

Slow Down
Here comes S-1, there goes free speech.
By James Kunen
Page 6

Fulminations
We're halfway through the Seventies—but who has any sense of the decade?
By Larry L. King
Page 13

The Ruling Class
Daniel Moynihan's recent grandstanding in the United Nations seems to be rooted more in self-interest than in global concern.
By Robert Scheer
Page 14

The Insider Page 16

Final Tribute
Eulogy to Euell Gibbons: hobo, naturalist, gentle man.
By Rolf Rykken and Christopher Scanlan
Page 68

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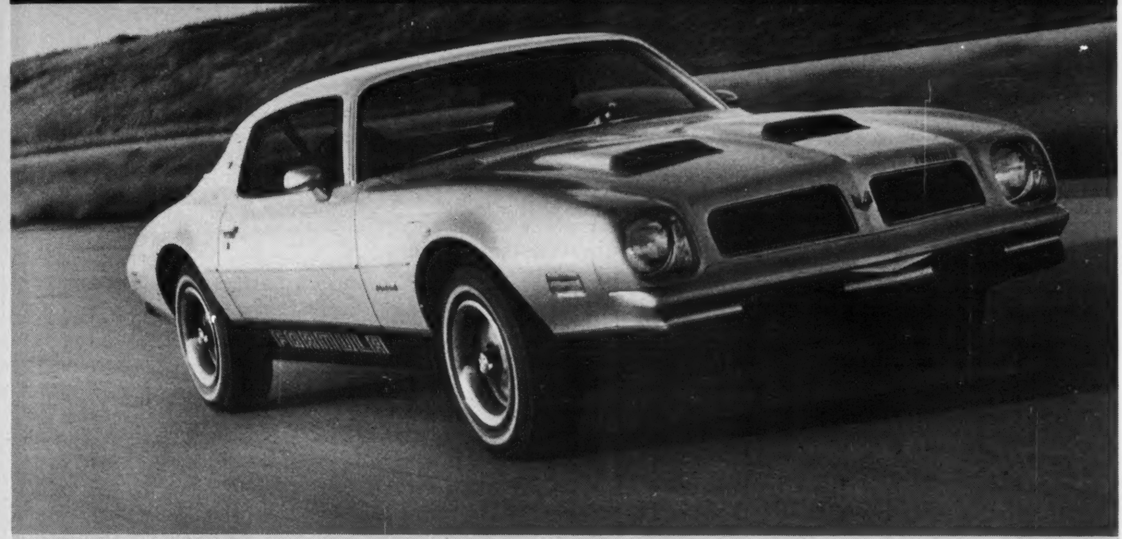

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*In California see your Pontiac dealer for EPA mileage figures and engine/transmission combinations available on California emission-equipped cars.

Letters

Speaking out for preservation

Congratulations to Arthur Lubow for his excellent article "Gerald Ford and the politics of pollution" (December 26). But the problem is even more widespread and pervasive than he states. We face opposition from state and local officials who are uninterested in environmental issues, or who mistakenly believe they are responding to a need to preserve jobs and the economy at the expense of the environment. Only if our elected leaders are made aware that a constituency exists for environmental preservation, and that they will be as vocal and forceful as those who would rape our environment, will we succeed in preserving a healthy environment.

Neil A. Goldstein, Executive Director
Brian T. Ketcham, Vice-President
Citizens for Clean Air
New York City

Please do not make apologies for the "housewife scraping to meet her food budget who hasn't the hours or the stamina to picket against highway construction and sooty air." She has the hours and the stamina, but she must be more interested in TV, Cub Scouts or tennis, because if she really cared about her children and their future she would be spending every waking minute on environmental problems. From a housewife who is very worried. . . .

Judi Friedman
Canton, Connecticut

Arthur Lubow states that "catalytic conversion is the only technology that can cut back nitrogen oxides to very low levels on schedule." Is Mr. Lubow unaware that Honda's CVCC stratified charge engine has already been certified by the EPA as meeting the 1977 standards for the emission of oxides of nitrogen? Honda has also certified a 350-cubic-inch engine, the Detroit standard, with its own special cylinder head, as meeting those same supposedly unreachable standards. Ford Motor Company is negotiating with Honda for the patent rights. I submit that the auto pollution problem is not one of technology but rather one of profit and loss.

James R. Shanks
East Lansing, Michigan

Editor's Note: Although new engine technologies are the most promising way to control pollution, not even the auto industry's critics maintain that Detroit could radically redesign its engine production in time to meet 1977 standards on schedule. The National Academy of Sciences estimates that two to four years would be required to convert the industry to a new engine technology. Furthermore, Honda has not certified that its engine can meet the tougher 1978 standards.

Good company

Elaine Brown's letter to the editor in the December 26 issue of *New Times* shows that Nixon's enemies list is not the only such list extant. The Panthers have one, too. Judging from the criteria she used to put *New Times* on her list, she had better add my name to it as well, right below *New Times.* I like good company.

Kenneth C. Brill
Arlington, Virginia

Middle East muddle

The Ruling Class has consistently been the most insightful feature of *New Times,* and it is so good to finally read something sensible about the United Nations and the Middle East (December 26).

John Swaver
Chicago, Illinois

Robert Scheer claims that the U.N. "is now responding to the anger, desperation and hopes of those who have been living on the short end of history these past 25 years." Precisely! But he is utterly unresponsive to the anger, desperation and hopes of those who have been living on the short end of history these past 1,905 years—since the destruction of the Jewish state by Rome in 70 A.D. He further criticizes Mark Goodman for endorsing the view of William Buckley. Yet Mr. Scheer, whom I respected as a radical, endorses the view of Sadat, a former (?) Nazi; the CIA-installed Shah of Iran; and the King of Arabia, a feudal despot—who collectively make Mr. Buckley look like Che Guevara.

Mr. Scheer castigates Mr. Goodman for not taking up "the substance of questions posed by the U.N. resolutions." At the risk of dignifying those resolutions by implying that there is substance to them, Mr. Scheer should surely be aware that Zionism is not a form of racism, but a form of nationalism. It is the nationalism of one of its members that the General Assembly voted against.

Craig Karpel
New York City

Robert Scheer's rhetoric completely ignores the central points of the U.N. and the Middle Eastern issue. First and most obvious is the fact that the P.L.O. is a terrorist organization that is responsible for deliberate attacks on unarmed Israeli citizens. It would be absurd for Israel to actually sit down at a peace table with an organization whose aim is the destruction of the state of Israel. No, I have to agree with Mark Goodman (Final Tribute, December 12). The U.N. has dug its own grave. Its impotence as a responsible organization for humanity has been readily displayed.

Joshua Greenblatt
Elizabeth, New Jersey

Editor's Note: This issue's Ruling Class takes another look at the United States and the United Nations.

Risky rates

The item in the Mind and Body section of the Insider (December 12) concerning the cost of living for doctors is incorrect. In my county, physicians who are in the lowest class of risk have estimated malpractice premiums of approximately $5,000.

Dr. Noel Curry
Palm Springs, California

Editor's Note: Our item stated that malpractice coverage is *generally* available for less than $750 a year. The two most notable exceptions are California and New York, whose urban area rates are considerably higher.

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In January?

Slow Down

By James S. Kunen

Believe me, if I could pick the time of year for an historical showdown, I would never choose January, the Monday morning of the year.

So tired. Party after party after party getting drunk to the Rolling Stones. It gets depressing. No dreams. No hopes. No plans. Just passing the time. Absolutely no capacity for anger. God, I'm so beat I could read that *the FBI was harassing Martin Luther King* and you wouldn't hear a peep out of me. *The CIA could plot assassinations* and I wouldn't even stir. And just now some senators try to take away freedom of speech.

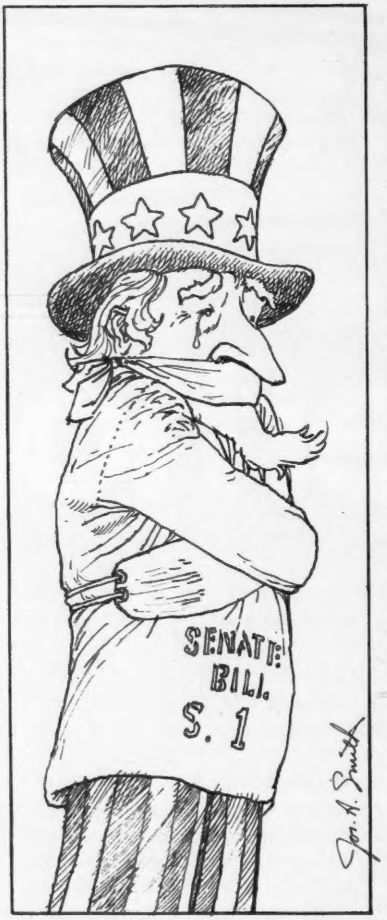
I was at one of these parties and I told a friend that there's a bill in the Senate that would destroy free speech. And he said, "I'm *tired* of free speech." And who is not? No one says anything anymore, anyway. Another friend said, "Oh God, are they still hassling about *free speech?* You'd think after *200 years* it would be settled that we *have* freedom of speech, and that's that."

You might think so. I don't know where the forces of repression get their energy. They must be very tired, too. They probably would rather do almost anything than trudge down to the U.S. Senate and lobby and pressure and work deals to pass this bill. But maybe they figure if they push this thing through now, it will make it so delightfully easy for them to run this country later—no more interference from loud-mouthed dissidents and "civil libertarians." And all they've got to do is drag their asses out of bed *one* time when we don't.

Much of the Criminal Justice Codification and Reform Act, Senate Bill S-1, was written by the Nixon Justice Department, as one might guess from its provisions. It makes criticism of the government a criminal offense.

Did you ever demonstrate against the Vietnam War? You'd have been in big trouble, under S-1. Ever hear of *sabotage?* Section 1111 makes it sabotage to delay or obstruct any facility or service that is or *might be* used in "defense activities." Antiwar demonstrators who by their very numbers slowed down public transportation could be prosecuted for sabotage. And if you picketed a draft board? They'd throw away the key.

Of course, if S-1 had been in effect, you might never have protested the war at all, because you wouldn't have known much about it. The government would have just *classified* everything. They do that anyway, but it's never been a crime to reveal classified information. Section 1124 makes it a felony, punishable by a $100,000 fine and seven years in prison. Untold millions of documents are classified, and most of them are kept secret "not to protect the U.S. from attack by a foreign power, but to protect McGeorge Bundy from attack by Tom Wicker," as one civil-liberties attorney put it. The Pentagon Papers are *still* classified.



If someone braved the penalty and gave classified info to a newspaper, the editors could be thrown in jail, under S-1. Section 1121 makes it *espionage* to collect or communicate "national defense information" with the "knowledge that it may be used, to the prejudice of the safety of the United States, or to the advantage of a foreign power." Note that you don't have to communicate the info to a foreign power, nor need you intend to harm the United States, nor need the information in fact be used against the United States. And what is "national defense information"? A better question would be: What *isn't* "national defense information"? Do you think that makes it hard to tell what might be espionage? Then just don't print anything except what the government says.

If Section 1121 doesn't silence the press, there's always 1114. It makes it a major felony, in time of "war" (not necessarily declared), to knowingly communicate a statement "which in fact is false" about "conduct of the military forces of the United States. . . ." A reporter says we are bombing Cambodia. The government says we are not. A reporter says there was a massacre at My Lai. The government says there was not. The reporter can pursue his research from the defendant's dock in court.

S-1 is not so draconian in all of its provisions. It can be downright lenient. Sections 541-544 allow a public servant charged with a crime to get off if he "believed . . . that the conduct charged was required or authorized. . . ." Perjury, burglary, wiretapping—all would be forgiven the official who was "just following orders."

Whoever said "the price of liberty is eternal vigilance" wasn't just kidding. It seems we have to rise to the occasion over and over and over again. Even in January. ●

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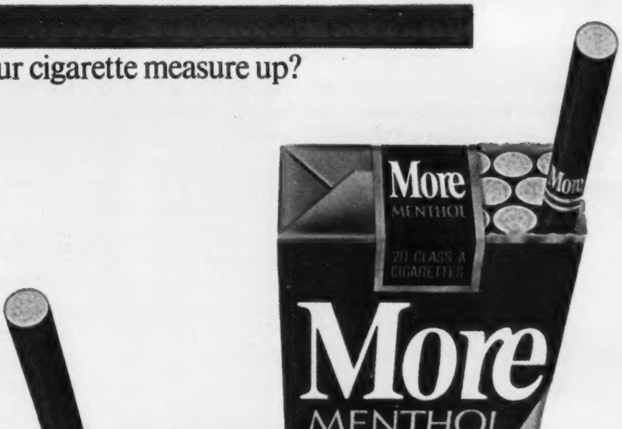
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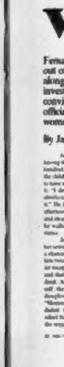
I HEAR YOU!
YOU GOTTA GO WITH YOUR FEELINGS. LET IT HAPPEN. IT'S ALL PROGRESS.
I JUST GET PARANOID WITH MORE THAN ONE PERSON AROUND. I CAN'T HELP IT. I'M TRYING TO WORK IT THROUGH AND BE LESS UPTIGHT.
By R. D. Rosen
PSYCHOBABBLE



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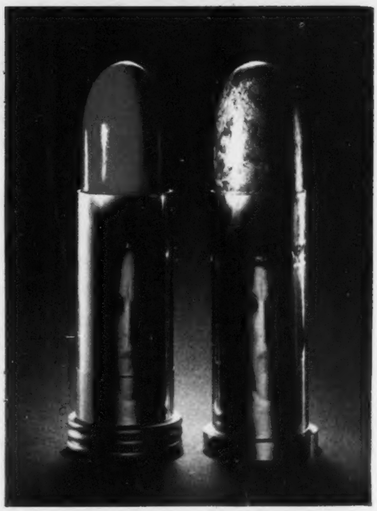
THESE ARE NEW TIMES

Women who murder

Female murderers fall out of the legal system all along the way from investigation to conviction because male officials cannot believe women are violent

By Janet Kole



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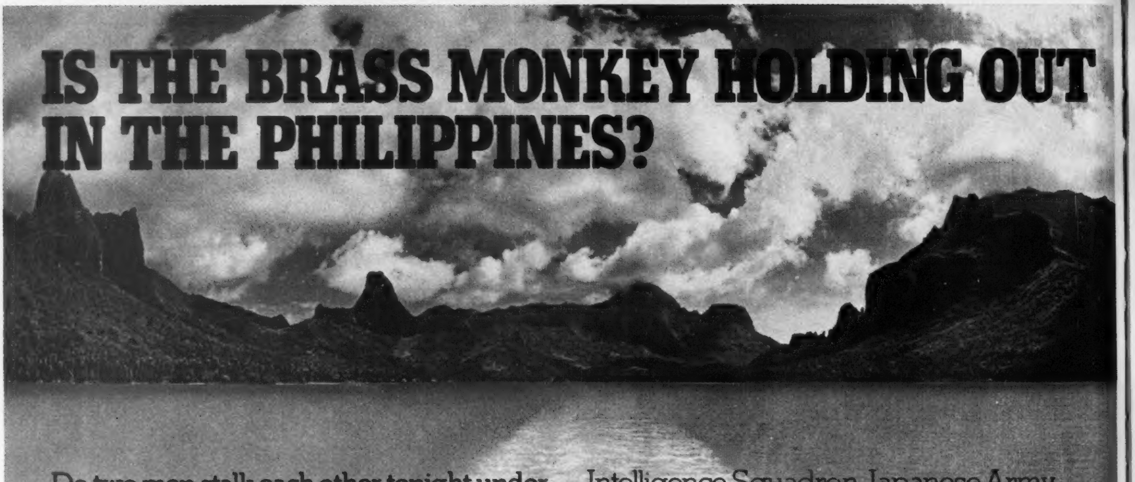
IS THE BRASS MONKEY HOLDING OUT IN THE PHILIPPINES?



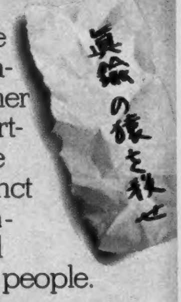
Do two men stalk each other tonight under a tropic moon—an implacable Japanese intelligence officer and the man who invented the drink that defeated the Japanese Secret Service in W.W. II?

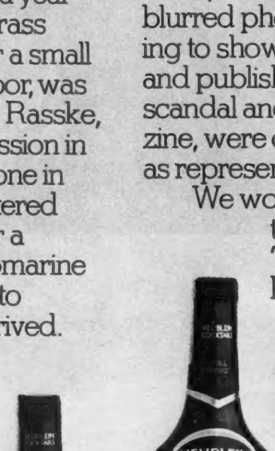
This much is on record: that a year before the war's end, the Brass Monkey Club, named after a small brass figurine in a niche by the door, was raided and closed. And that H. E. Rasske, code name Brass Monkey, his mission in Macao accomplished, took off alone in his import-export company's battered seaplane. His flight plan called for a rendezvous with a U.S. Navy submarine in the Luzon Strait where he was to receive new orders. He never arrived.

Three decades have not silenced the legend—that collection of truths, half-truths and untruths—that then spread thick as jungle briar over the 7,000 partly-submerged mountain peaks that make up the Philippine Islands. It tells of a World War II that never ended, and it links Rasske to the strange case of Captain Mori, Special Intelligence Squadron, Japanese Army. Mori's mission was spelled out in this brief directive: "Kill Brass Monkey."

The reported discovery of the same message, scratched into the trunk of a banana tree on an uninhabited island 40 miles north of Luzon, gave credence to earlier stories of a Japanese officer still fighting on, unaware that the war had ended. Leaflets were dropped, search parties organized, with no result. Two rather blurred photographs, purporting to show Mori in the jungle and published in a now-defunct scandal and adventure magazine, were officially dismissed as representing two different people.

We wonder. Perhaps there *are* two different survivors on that "uninhabited" island: Mori and Rasske. Perhaps...





THE BRASS MONKEY from HEUBLEIN

A secret combination of liquors. Tasty, smooth and innocent-looking, but potent. When you drink it— over ice, with orange juice or with tonic—you might remember how lucky you are to be in a safe place.

Heublein Brass Monkey® 48 Proof. Made with Rum, Smirnoff® Vodka and Natural Flavors. © 1975. Heublein, Inc., Hartford, Conn. 06101.

Characterizing the 1970s

Fulminations

By Larry L. King

Here we are in the second half of a decade that, strangely, has yet to develop a character of its own. Other decades within my memory had at this point indelibly stamped themselves so that they defined for the thoughtful some loose sense of where they—and the nation, and their neighbors—stood with respect to immediate goals and long-term aspirations.

By 1936, we knew that the decade would be remembered for its upward struggles, from the bottoming-out of the Great Depression toward massive new social gains. That decade might fairly be characterized as improbably hopeful. By 1946, we could recognize the rapid urbanization of a formerly rural society (even if we did not foresee its eventual ecological or sociological taxes) and feel the new, not altogether unthrilling weight of having become a world super-power. The times then were brassy and cocky. By 1956, we harbored the uneasy conviction that the outer world was a complex place full of godless communists, their many domestic agents or sympathizers and dirty international intrigues. Despite a smug national conviction that the sky was the limit (Ike's and Dick's slogan that year was "Everything's booming but the guns"), the 1950s at mid-passage reflected the primary characteristics of fear in its blacklistings, star chamber inquisitions and sweeping witch-hunts uncovering "subversives"—if not under every bed—on most campuses, in many pulpits, often next-door. The decade revealed itself as a timid sponsor of individual liberties.

By 1966, we strongly sensed that our old, familiar, traditional America rapidly was becoming unbolted. Kennedy I had been assassinated along with the national psyche, the ghettos were restless, Vietnam was proving itself a profitless quagmire, people were beginning to openly doubt anything and everything: They grew beards, wore miniskirts, openly screwed outside the conventional boundaries, took up with dope and crazy music. Youngsters turned on their elders, who, guilty and failed, congratulated them for their excesses and pitifully attempted to imitate them. People in the 1960s lived lives of loud desperation. Yet underneath the seethings and crack-ups and frantic compensations was a basic conviction that new beginnings would carry us through, that we might yet uncover solutions, somehow hold it all together with chewing gum and bailing wire. It was the decade of naive revolutionaries and largely dashed dreams.

The 1970s, I dunno. Nothing's clear-cut. I can't decide whether we're approaching a new national maturity, cynically giving up or timidly turning back. We've learned, God knows, that our fearless leaders—from presidents martyred by firearms to those driven from office by malfeasance to those ascending outside the public's selection—cheat on their wives or their taxes or their oaths or frequently bump their heads. This is an altogether healthy knowledge, one that should assure the electorate's maintaining contact with the human realities, inspire prudent inspections or generally encourage an enlightened and inquisitive skepticism. This combination might be expected, in time, to produce improved conduct on the part of the governing and the governed.

It does not yet appear to be working out that way. Indeed, if this decade is to be characterized beyond Watergate or the growing violent acts of terrorist groups throughout the world, then it eventually may be remembered for the public's political apathy and the conviction that government programs often produce more rhetoric than tangible results. California has a Democratic governor cheered by many for running little more than a house-keeping operation and, in effect, treating problems by the application of benign neglect. Even New Yorkers are learning to live with the knowledge that programs long advertised as "progressive" have not been all that effective—except in helping the city go broke. Jimmy Carter, a wealthy peanut farmer from Georgia, has managed to gain credibility as a presidential candidate on the basis of the only memorable line he employs: "I'm not from Washington, and I'm not a lawyer." The laughter and applause greeting Carter indicates a contempt for so-called experts or leaders or institutions in which we once placed trust.

Americans also are showing new attitudes in choosing more leisure time ahead of overtime pay for additional work, they are taking more and longer holidays, and they seem not at all troubled that the annual growth of manufactured products in the United States now is among the slowest in the world. We seem to have determined to get along with less—not an illogical choice, perhaps—as we come to understand that the world's resources are, indeed, finite.

Rather than finding comfort in these new attitudes, I fear they may produce future problems or agitate current ones. As we expect less of our public men and of our institutions, they are almost certain to provide less in their performances. As we give up on urban solutions, we give up on those people less able to help themselves, people already resentful or bewildered as they consider themselves the victims of random or capricious fates. As we decide that busing students somehow is "counterproductive" (as has the man who nine years ago wrote the report recommending it, and as have numerous politicians including presidential aspirant Scoop Jackson) we forfeit something of an earlier determination to meet our racial conflicts head on. At this midway point in the decade, we appear to be turning our faces away, turning our backs on big efforts, turning deaf ears to pleas we once heard, turning more to crime both violent and white-collar. One concludes that the 1970s will not be remembered as among our finest hours. ●

Why (the rest of) the world resents Moynihan

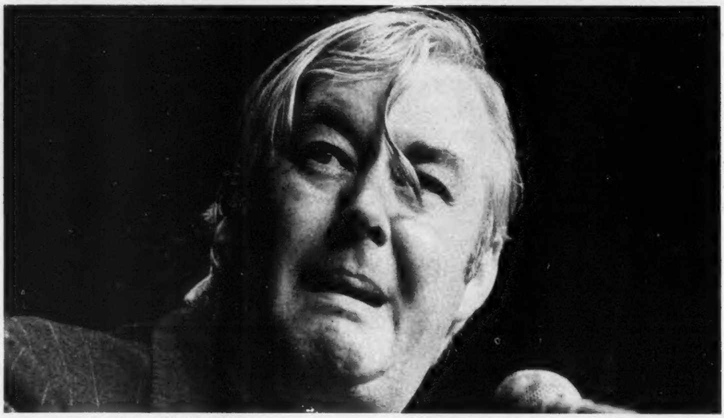
The Ruling Class

By Robert Scheer

In light of his recent intemperate and publicity-seeking attacks on the U.N., it is difficult to imagine Daniel Moynihan functioning as a constructive U.S. chief delegate to the world body. While his grandstanding may serve admirably to advance his domestic political ambitions, it cannot possibly contribute to a useful dialogue within an organization that exists primarily for the purpose of promoting such a dialogue. It is one thing for Moynihan to argue forcefully the positions of his government and quite another to viciously denigrate the majority of other member governments as betrayers of their peoples' national aspirations. Yet this last is precisely what he has done. As he put it in his somewhat hysterical San Francisco speech, "In the United Nations today there are in the range of two dozen democracies left. Totalitarian communist regimes and assorted ancient and modern despotisms make up all the rest." This blanket condemnation is really the old ethnocentric insistence that Western societies offer the only decent model of government—and the one which must be adopted by all others. The implicit assumption in all this is that we, or rather Daniel Moynihan, who now speaks for us, knows what's best for them.

This simplistic transference of our political norms has been one of the more disastrous influences of the Cold War years. It was a cause of the Vietnam war, which Moynihan was able to justify as an exercise in the extension of democracy right up to the end. But Vietnam was merely an extreme example of imposing the Western model. In the case of India, the Third World country Moynihan knows best, following the Western political model has hardly increased the well-being of her people. Much U.S. aid went into preventing India from following the Chinese Communist example, but even Moynihan no longer seems to believe that the Indians are now better off than the Chinese. Yet the clear assumption of Moynihan's rhetoric is that the Chinese people would have been better off if they had stuck with Chiang Kai-shek's Republic or the Cuban people with Batista's. In a show of pique, Moynihan writes off societies as varied as Algeria, Mexico, Bangladesh and Yugoslavia because they voted against him at the U.N. The fact is that, for all of our aid and manipulation during these past 25 years, the Western model has worked very poorly for Third World countries, and they are, with the exception of the oil producers, currently faced with an extreme situation. Rather than exhibiting some sympathy for this plight, which is amply reflected in the depressing U.N. development statistics, Moynihan grandly announces that the situation is the fault of the poor themselves. This is of a piece with his earlier view of domestic poverty, which again neatly absolved the rich and powerful of responsibility.

What rubbish. Most of the governments that Moynihan now finds to be so disreputable are governments that the U.S. installed and maintained in power. At least 50 of the 72 governments that voted in favor of the U.N. resolution on Zionism, which was the occasion of these Moynihan speeches, were considered all along as "free world" governments. Have communist arms suddenly changed the situation in Turkey, Brazil, Saudi Arabia, Mexico, Guyana, Malaysia or Malta? Was it communist arms that overthrew the democratically elected government in Chile? (Incidentally, Allende was strongly pro-Israeli and attacked as such by the CIA-supported right wing that overthrew him.) Surely Moynihan knows of the well-documented cases of Iran and Brazil, where the democratic governments of Mossadeq and Goulart were deposed by the CIA. The Shah of Iran and the junta that now runs Brazil, along with many of the other governments that now vote against the U.S., owe their existence to U.S. foreign policy. Moynihan knows damn well that communists get their heads cut off and hung from poles in places like Oman and Saudi Arabia and that those governments have for the past 40 years consistently followed the advice of Western European and U.S. politicians. It should also be noted that "communist areas" are being used on both sides of the Angola dispute, which reflects the obvious reality that a communist bloc no longer exists. What we are most frequently experiencing in the Third World is the unruly rebellion of the clients of U.S. policy rather than the victories of communist treachery. Nor will it aid the vitality of democracy as an ideal to insist on associating it with U.S. imperialism—which is what Moynihan's tirades are all about. After 30 years of U.S. interference in the internal affairs of other peoples, the U.S. chief delegate has the arrogance


WIDE WORLD

to state, "Most of the new states and most of the old ones have ended up enemies of freedom as we know it and as we have tried to preserve it." If Moynihan really means this, then he is among the few in this country who learned nothing from the recent failures of our foreign policy. He may be truly unique in having managed to preserve the pure patriotic self-righteousness of a John Foster Dulles. This revival of U.S. jingoism may have some appeal to the new cynicism of *Harper's* magazine's editors, who reprint Moynihan's speeches this month as some sort of inspired manifesto, but it does not bode well for the world's people still attempting to wrest a measure of self-determination from the big powers. It should also be obvious that his demagogic championing of the cause of Israel will not enhance the security of the citizens of that country. Moynihan has used the Zionism resolution as a political springboard rather than dealing seriously with the dilemma that it poses.

Indeed, Moynihan now goes further to argue that U.S. policy bears no responsibility for the problems of the world, which are exclusively caused by the Reds. "Such has been the success of Communist arms, Communist intrigue, Communist treachery in Asia and Africa that the reputation of democracy in those regions has all but collapsed."

While I support the U.N.'s call for including the P.L.O. in the negotiations, I also think that the resolution on Zionism and racism was wrong. The blanket condemnation of Zionism as racist assumes erroneously that Zionism is an indivisible and uniform ideology. But the reality of Israeli politics exhibits a very wide range of "Zionism," from those who believe in the possibilities of a binational state to extreme rightists who believe that any Jew in the world may replace any Palestinian in the area that is defined by the Bible as Israel. While these last *are* racists, it is equally true that left Zionists of the Mapam variety have a long history of militant anti-racism, as do most Jews throughout the world. (And yes I do know that there are Palestinian nationalists who are racist as well as ones who aren't.) More significantly, no matter one's judgment of the initial wisdom of Zionist philosophy, the fact is that there are millions of Jews now in Israel, most of whom did not arrive there out of choice but rather because there was no other place to go. There is no question but that their existence and security as a people must be maintained as a matter of obvious morality. But this does not answer the questions posed by the current conflict between Zionist and Palestinian aspirations. For whatever one may say about oil manipulation, Moslem despotism and communist treachery—Moynihan's favorite themes—the fact remains that Israel is currently isolated in the world arena primarily because the Palestinian problem is unresolved. It is only in this country that we have been able to totally ignore the demands of the Palestinian people. Frequently offered suggestions that the Palestinians simply be dispersed throughout the Arab world make no more sense than a proposal to disperse Israel's Ashkenazim throughout Western Europe. Until a formula is found that grants the national aspirations of both Mideast Jews and Palestinians, there will not be peace and security for either. I am aware from the letters to this publication that one does not score many points with this assertion. Certainly Moynihan, who plans a Senate race in New York, knows well the political costs of a serious discussion of the thorny obstacles to a Mideast peace. But I fail to see how his demagoguery will work against the isolation of Israeli Jews. A more serious approach would center on an attempt to get the Palestinians and Israeli Jews into direct negotiations—which would begin the long, difficult process of establishing the political conditions under which they might live as neighbors. Such negotiations will have to establish what Zionism and Palestinian nationalism mean in this day and age and what mutual changes they must go through to coexist. Such negotiations contain risks for all sides but surely less than those inherent in the status quo arrangement. To produce enduring results, such negotiations must have the support of the member nations of the U.N. If Moynihan were serious about the security of Israel's Jews, he would be working quietly to develop that support rather than isolating Israel's Jewish population further by associating it with the more irrational outbursts of U.S. imperialism. ●

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What if Rumsfeld threw a party and nobody came?
Alcoholism: fuel for the Russian defense

EDITED BY
TONY SCHWARTZ

The Insider

Politics

On the Big Mac track

Senator Charles McC. Mathias has all but made up his mind to run for president on an Independent ticket,

WIDE WORLD

Mathias: an independent run

according to sources very close to the Maryland Republican. In an October speech before the National Press Club, Mathias warned that if President Ford continued his drift to the right, he (Mathias) would seek the Republican presidential nomination. The senator has apparently decided to run both because reaction to his Press Club speech was so strong and because Ford's conservative drift has not abated. Mathias will take the Independent route, sources say, because he is convinced that a large untapped constituency hungers for a serious candidate outside the two major parties. The second-term senator is reportedly seeking a "Jerry Brown-style Democrat" as a vice-presidential running mate. No date has been set for the announcement, but it is expected before March.

What does advertising rate?

Should public utilities, whose rates are regulated by state commissions, be allowed to pass on advertising costs in the form of rate increases? They do now, and the result is that even the most outrageous self-justification campaigns are paid for by the public—at whom they are aimed in the first place. Thankfully, the New Jersey Public Utilities Commission (PUC) has now decided to investigate the advertising practices of its two largest utilities: N.J. Bell Telephone and Public Service Electric and Gas Co. Consumer groups will be watching the investigation with interest.

The PUC, for instance, wants cost figures on Bell's "Design-Line" campaign to sell expensive decorator phones; on "Tel-news," a newsletter that comes with each month's bill; and on the company's ads in national magazines. The Electric and Gas Co. will be asked for cost information on its media campaign meant to justify its rate increases; its "free nuclear information kit," available to all customers; and its glossy "Why Energy Is Costing You More" booklet, included in all monthly bills.

Alcohol: opiate of the state

The acute problem of alcoholism in Russia has long been a source of national concern to officials and an embarrassment in the government's relations with the West. What few people realize, according to a team of researchers at Harvard, is that Russia probably has a vested interest in keeping the alcoholic consumption of its citizenry high.

For starters, the researchers say that revenues from alcohol—approximately $35 billion a year—are equal to Russia's entire published defense budget, and represent its single largest source of income. In addition, they note that alcohol provides a release for energies that might otherwise go into political protest. The research team has been studying alcohol abuse and alcoholism in Russia and Eastern Europe under a government grant, and plans to publish its findings next year.

"It's a very odd kind of ambivalence," says David Powell, a Research Fellow at Harvard's Russian Research Center. "The official line is to eradicate alcoholism, but to introduce a prohibition would cause fiscal havoc. It would change demand in all sectors of the economy."

In terms of its social role, Powell points out that "alcohol abuse may not be such a terrible release for energies that might be expressed as antisocial behaviors elsewhere. If Marx was right that religion is the opiate of the people, then perhaps it's fair to say that in Russia the opiate is alcohol."

Interestingly, the researchers found that Russian per capita consumption of legally produced alcohol is actually less than per capita consumption in the U.S. (8.87 liters vs 10.16 liters). However, when illegally

BLACKSTAR

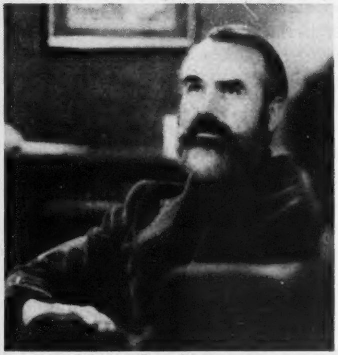
Russian drinking: hard liquor in binges produced alcohol in Russia (a negligible amount in the U.S.) is added, the per capita total jumps to 11.25 liters. Even then, Russia comes nowhere near France, Portugal and Italy, the three leaders in total consumption.

Instead, what makes the Russian alcohol problem so acute is their style of drinking. "They drink hard liquor in binges. They drink to get drunk and it's awesome to watch," says Powell. "Bottles have no tops or corks so they drink more at a sitting. And liquor is a prime exception to the shortages of most products in Russia. There is almost never a shortage of vodka."

"The Russians are in a bind," concludes Powell. "Any solution may create problems greater than those it was designed to solve."

Less than a bumper crop

It doesn't have the makings of a mass movement, but it just goes to show that there's someone to support any cause. Bill Braswell, a 39-year-old Charlotte, North Carolina, businessman, is mounting a campaign to free Watergate felon G. Gordon Liddy. The idea originated a few months back at a cocktail party, and Braswell got to thinking: "Here's a man who was going to pay his debt to society with silent dignity and he's being punished for that."



WIDE WORLD

Liddy: Carolina cause

"It's an unpopular cause," concedes Braswell, who has gone ahead anyway and printed up bumper stickers that read "Free Gordon Liddy." Braswell is also urging anyone who shares his concern to bombard Judge John J. Sirica with letters on Liddy's behalf.

And lest you wonder, the cause has already picked up one supporter. Liddy himself wrote Braswell saying he was grateful for any help he could get.

They bombed at the Pentagon

The biggest bomb at the Pentagon recently was Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld's Christmas party for the department's 22,000 employees. The recently appointed secretary decided to introduce himself by throwing a handshaking party. Expecting one of the largest reception lines in history, Rumsfeld had aides devise a three-part, color-coded pass system to prevent congestion and delay. Each hour between 3:00 and 5:00, a different group of employees was to assemble, passes in hand, and file through. Crowd control experts at the Pentagon set up small red velvet-roped stanchions to mark off the entrance and posted credential checkers at strategic points. Employees had a chance not only to meet their boss but also to wander around his impressive block-long executive suite overlooking the Capitol.

UPI

Rumsfeld: before partying down

Notwithstanding the chance to mingle with the chic, there were few takers. Rumsfeld set aside three hours and was prepared to stay longer. Only 200-odd employees showed up, however, and by 4:00 a bewildered Rumsfeld was standing virtually alone with his deputy defense secretary, William Clements.

Anti-socialist behavior

It all seemed rather consistent. John Neal became a member of the Young Socialist Alliance in the late 1960s and later served as chairperson of the Committee to End the War in Vietnam at the University of Oklahoma in Norman. During his tenure, Neal was said to have often advocated provocative action. Then, like certain other radicals, Neal decided to take an electoral plunge. "During those years I became increasingly aware of the need for honest independent men and women on the public side of government," he explained. Backed by the Norman Citizens for Civic Responsibility (NCCR), a group of liberals and radicals to which Neal belonged, he won a seat on the city council last March.

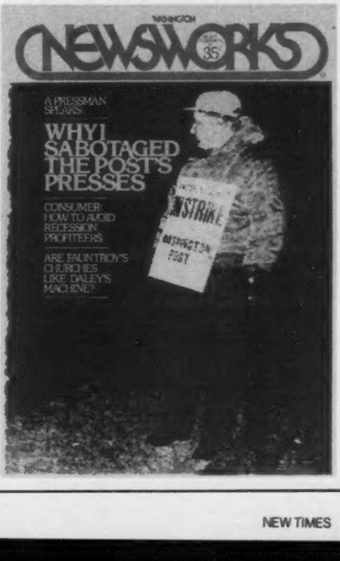
That was when things began to unravel. Neal's politics brought him into conflict with the conservative Norman city attorney, Fielding Haas, who attacked the NCCR and questioned the patriotism of its members. Neal promptly wrote to the university paper and disclosed that his earlier radical activities had all been at the direction of the FBI, for whom he had been working as an informer. "I did not spend my time advocating the burning of state buildings or destroying my government," he wrote. "I served it. And with honor."

So what are Neal's real politics? "I'm not going to say," was his only comment when we reached him by phone. Neal, however, has continued to vote with the left-wing NCCR and has stuck by the group's major campaign promises.

Media

Can *Newsworks* work?

In a city with one financially ailing newspaper and a second ravaged by a long-standing strike, a third newspaper is an unlikely but intriguing notion. *Washington Newsworks*, now slated to begin publication February 12,



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A PRESSMAN SPEAKS:
WHY I SABOTAGED THE POST'S PRESSES

CONSUMER: HOW TO AVOID RECESSION PROFITEERS

ARE FAUNTROY'S CHURCHES LIKE DALEY'S MACHINE?

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represents the most ambitious attempt yet to make an alternative paper go in one of the few major cities that lacks one. The 40-page weekly tabloid has scheduled a first run of 70,000 copies, 25,000 of which will be given away on ten campuses in the Washington, D.C., area.

The paper is financed by well-heeled liberal investors who plan to leave editorial control to a ten-member staff. Contributors will include Larry McMurtry, James Ridgeway, Taylor Branch and former *Washington Star* investigative reporter Bob Walters.

"Washington is such a seductive city for journalists," says *Newsworks* editor Craig Unger. "Access to the upper reaches of power often turns out to be an illusory sham designed to diffuse any real confrontation with substantive political issues. We're going to ask questions that no one else in Washington is asking."

Seventies

Putting Stanford back on the tracks

In 1973, Stanford University decided to bow to modern times. Until then, school athletic teams had been nicknamed the "Indians." After protests by native American Indians, they were rechristened the "Cardinals." But many people were dissatisfied, and last month the Stanford student body was canvassed to choose yet another name. Several alumni wanted to reinstate "Indians," but the students decided to honor the school's founder, Leland Stanford, who made his fortune during the 19th century in classic style—as a hustler in the railroad business. And, no, the teams will not be called the "Lelands." Instead, the students' choice was "Robber Barons." What do university officials think of the new nickname? "It loses its humor after the first time you hear it," said a spokesperson. A final decision on whether the new name will stick is pending.

A crock of. . .food

From the folks who brought you "pet rock food"—the only gift more useless than pet rocks themselves—comes a more clever contribution to the culture. The Center for Concept Development—an idea-packaging think tank—is now hyping food for "crock pots," the all-day electric slow cookers that have caught on big in the last year. Twelve million have been sold already, and over a million crock pot cookbooks are in print.

"We've come up with a natural cereal that cooks overnight," explains the Center's Gene Cafarelli. "And because the crock pot operates at low temperatures, it doesn't seem to destroy Vitamins A and C. Then we developed an idea for pre-mixed bread products, so you can wake up or come home to the smell of freshly baked bread." Still on the back burner are crock pot cakes; the Center fears that the public will have problems learning to put icing on cakes that come in a radical new shape: cylindrical.

A Midwestern company will soon begin manufacturing Center-created products such as a slow cooking, premixed, natural cereal. And Cafarelli, for one, is relieved by the prospect: "The success of the pet rock and pet rock food says some disturbing things about our culture. But crock pot foods are part of women's lib. A woman can go away from home all day and still fulfill one of her traditional functions. We feel properly redeemed."

OFF
HIGH
LOW
CROCK-POT
SLOW-COOKER SERVER

Crock pots: food for thought

Mind & Body

A bitter pill to swallow

Although doctors prescribe antibiotics more often than any other medicine, they often don't know what they're doing, according to a study published in the *New England Journal of Medicine.* When an antibiotic test was given to 4,500 physicians across the nation, half the doctors flunked, scoring 68 (out of 100) or below. Only two physicians got all 50 answers right, even though the questions were designed to simulate everyday office practice. The study also found the older the physician, the worse the score.

Fashioned by a Columbia University physician in conjunction with eight other experts, the test was put on a 75-minute videotape and distributed to 370 hospitals. Doctors took it voluntarily, and were thus presumed to be among the better informed of their peers. Nevertheless, they erred both in choosing the correct antibiotic for a given infection and in prescribing the right dosage. The authors of the test concluded, somewhat lamely, that "greater effort should be directed toward educating physicians to use antibiotics properly."

Be nice to your dentist

We're often hard on the medical profession, but we'd be remiss not to point out the other side of the coin. Consider, for instance, the plight of dentists. Most people feel sorry for their patients when perhaps the reverse should be true. According to a new study, dentists often suffer terrifying psychological distress. Their suicide rate is twice the national average. They succumb to psychoneurotic disorders 2½ times more often than the rest of the population. And they don't live long—an average of only 62 years for the male dentists studied, compared to 70 years for other men.

Why all the trauma? Charles Kenney, a dental surgeon and researcher, theorizes that it stems from being constantly viewed with abject fear. Dentists find this unnerving and—since it's largely unwarranted—irritating. The result is a destructive build-up of apprehension and resentment. Our suggestion? Next time you're feeling nervous in the dentist's chair, try smiling instead of grimacing.

Post Scripts

A faulty operation (*NT:* August 22, 1975)

In his piece on America's leading malpractitioner—Dr. John Nork—writer Roger Rapoport speculated that the problem of botched surgeries extended far beyond one man's extraordinary incompetence. Now, in the first study of its kind, there is evidence that the quality of all surgery performed in the United States is distressingly inadequate.

Conducted by the University of Michigan Medical School and financed by the federal government, the study revealed that of 1,500 standard operations performed over a 2½-year period in seven states, 85 resulted in unnecessary deaths. Another 800 resulted in life-threatening complications that should not have occurred. More than three-quarters of the untoward results were caused by sloppy surgical practice; the rest were attributed either to the hospital or to the patient himself.

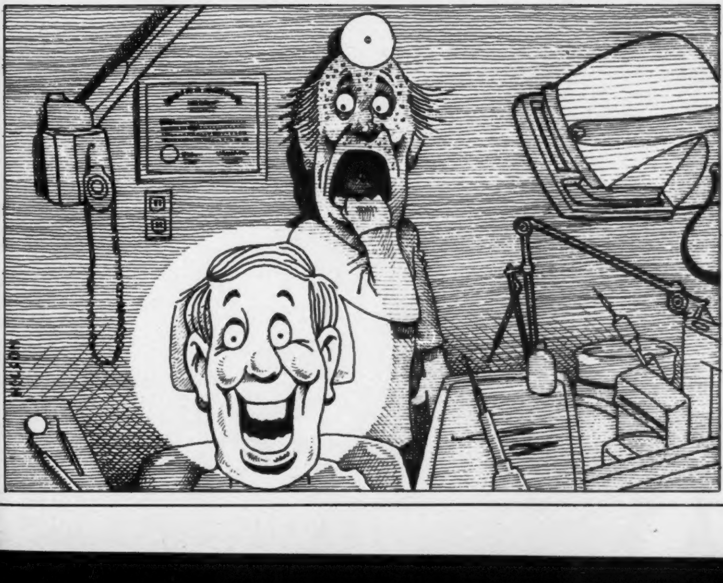


ILLUSTRATION BY BILL NELSON

MAGNUM

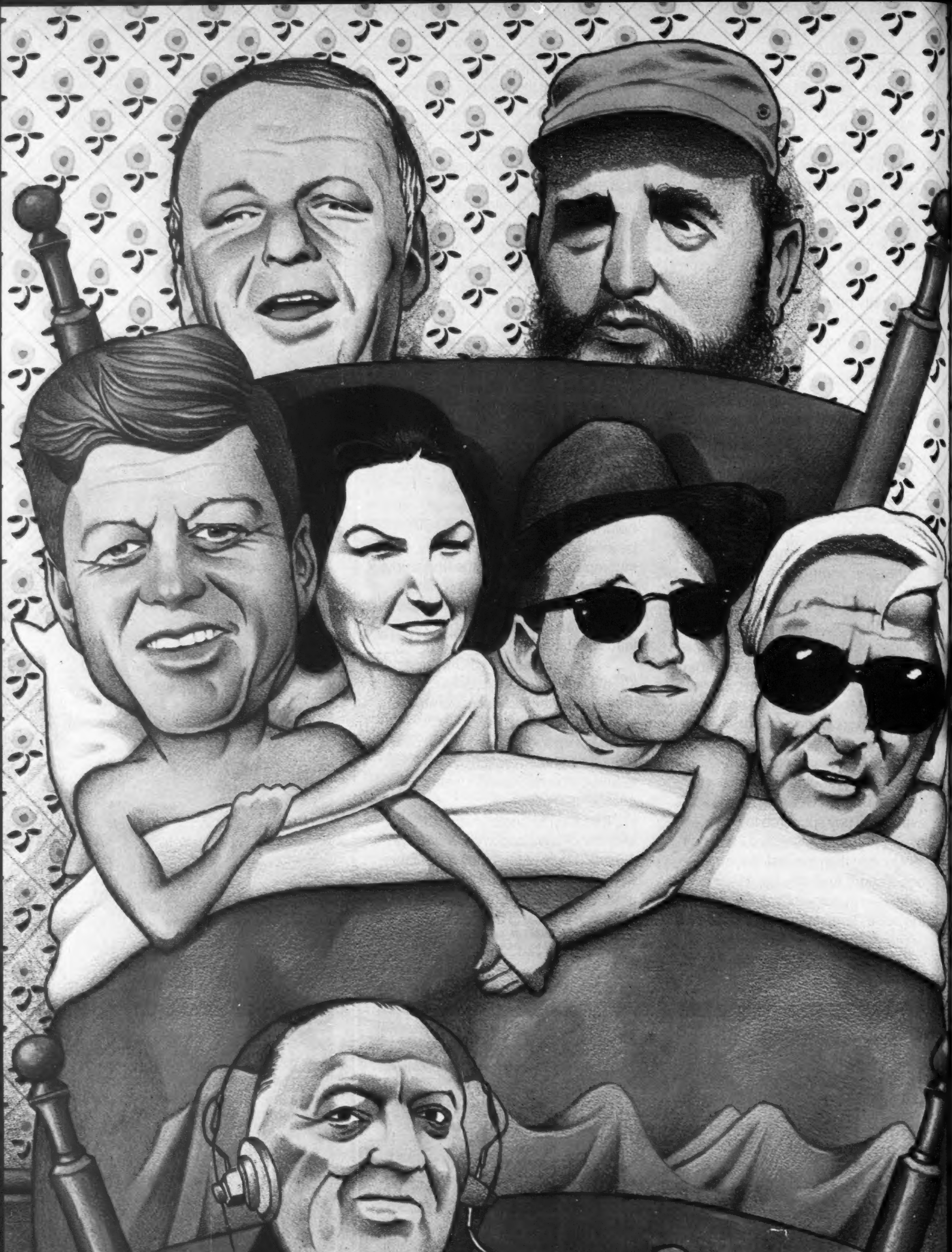
To make matters worse, the vast majority of culpable surgeons were highly trained and qualified. Nearly 80 percent had either been "certified" by surgical specialty boards or had won membership in the prestigious American College of Surgery.

Crime keeps shining (*NT:* May 2, 1975)

The latest FBI report on crime in the U.S. (1974) reveals that the phenomenon of "Crime in the Sunshine" is not only continuing but is getting worse. The area, which includes much of the West Coast, the South and the Southwest, now contains 42 of the top 50 crime centers. The leading states, in order, are Arizona (again), Nevada, Florida, California and Michigan. Phoenix repeated as the crime capital of America, followed by Gainesville, Florida; Las Vegas, Nevada; Ft. Lauderdale, Florida; and Miami, Florida. The leading cities in murder, rape and aggravated assault are also nearly all in the South and Southwest. Large Northern cities dominate only in robberies; New York City is first (but only 65th in overall crimes), followed by Detroit, Miami, Baltimore and Chicago.

In Florida, the second worst state in overall crime, officials are considering a state law requiring self-defense training in schools; and in Miami, auxiliary police units composed of college students were hired to reduce the number of crimes during the holiday season.

Police officials in the Sunshine Belt, still hard put to explain why their areas have high crime rates, suggest one ironic reason: an absence of fear of crime.



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WHO WERE JFK'S STRANGE BEDFELLOWS, ANYWAY? IF HIS WEAKNESS FOR WOMEN HAD BEEN EXPLOITED, BY WHOM AND TO WHAT END?

BY ROBERT SAM ANSON

Jack, Judy, Sam & Johnny... and Frank, Fidel, Edgar...

She was, in the words of the first man who married her, "a very quiet, family kind of girl," someone who "didn't have any deep convictions about anything at all." To her lawyer, she is "a very warm, charming person, private, self-contained, not a publicity seeker." And, true enough, the lady modestly describes herself as nothing more than "a happily married housewife."

To see her on the street, or in a supermarket, you would think so. A rather ordinary woman, pushing middle age, tanned and well-kempt, in a way that Southern California women are always tanned and well-kempt. Not striking, not someone you would look twice at, not different at all, save for one way, a way which will forever make Judith Immoor Campbell Exner *that woman*. For Judy was a Mob moll—and the mistress of the President of the United States.

The bare outlines of the story are by now familiar, repeated endlessly, with a smirk, a smile and a leer—how, in 1960, Judy, then 23 and an aspiring "actress," became the consort of John Fitzgerald Kennedy. This, *Time* magazine and *The National Enquirer* hasten to tell us, with another wink and a poke in the ribs, did not make Judy Campbell, as she was then known, particularly unique. What made Judy more than just another presidential girlfriend was the other company she kept, notably John "Don Giovanni" Roselli and Salvatore Sam "Momo" Giancana, both members in good standing of organized crime, not to mention the Central Intelligence Agency.

It is a lurid tale, and the more one probes it, the more lurid it becomes. Not merely for the sex or the diminishing of the Kennedy legend, but for its utter sleaziness, the images of party girls and swarthy men in shiny suits, now being packaged and hustled to the highest bidder. It does not require a vivid imagination to predict the covers of the movie magazines for the next year or so: "Jackie and Judy and the Man They Loved... I Only Wish He Had Given Me His Baby... How Judy Cried the Night Jack Was Shot." Already, the faded dames are beginning to crawl out of the woodwork. Judy, looking brave and loving, appears in the pages of *People* with her new hubby and their mobile home. The ultimate in tackiness.

After the last ten years, we should have lost our capacity for shock. Nothing is impossible anymore; the sensational has become commonplace. Amelia Earhart living in the Bermuda Triangle? An unnatural relationship between Nixon and John Dean? Martha Mitchell being poisoned for what she knows? Why not. But, somehow, this is the one story no one wanted to hear, the one myth the country wanted left intact. And now it is crumbling, and all that is left is the task of sifting through the ruins to find out just what the hell happened and why.

The first thing a reporter discovers is that the few people who do know something are doing their best to pretend that they don't, or, in the case of Mrs. Exner, waiting until the right publisher comes along. At that, she may merely be being prudent. One principal in the tale, namely John Kennedy, was assassinated under mysterious circumstances, while another, Sam Giancana, was shot seven times through the head little more than a week before he was scheduled to testify before the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence Activities. At her one public appearance, during a press conference in San Diego, Mrs. Exner seemed to go out of her way to announce that she had already transcribed her recollections onto a tape recorder, and that the tapes were stored in a "secure" place. When one plays with the Mafia and the Central Intelligence Agency, they had better be.

Nearly all of the rest Mrs. Exner had to say merely confirmed what had already appeared in the press, or in the Church committee report. That she had been introduced to Kennedy in Las Vegas in February 1960 by a "mutual friend" (who turns out to be Frank Sinatra); that they had a "close, personal relationship" for the next two years, during which time they lunched privately in the Oval Office on some 20 occasions; that she was also acquainted with Roselli and Giancana; that she had made some 70 phone calls to the White House; that all her conversations with the President consisted merely of "man-woman" talk. The reason she

NEW YORK DAILY NEWS

NEW YORK DAILY NEWS

Two worlds of Sam Giancana: In the late Fifties, the Chicago boss drove a pink Cadillac and partied with the McGuire sisters (bottom) and Judy Exner. By 1969, he was #3 on RFK's hit list, a man more often in court (top) than at parties.

was now speaking at all, she said, was only to dispel the "wild-eyed speculation" that had already appeared in the press, twisting her testimony "so as to implicate me in these bizarre assassination conspiracies." She knew nothing of any such conspiracies, she insisted, nor had she discussed her friendship with Giancana and Roselli with the President. "To me, he was Jack Kennedy, not the President," the lady with the big sunglasses said demurely, if somewhat nervously. Were they lovers? a reporter asked. She would have no comment. Did she know the former attorney general? She would have no comment. Had she met Kennedy in places other than Washington and Las Vegas? She would have no comment. What was her relationship with Giancana and Roselli? She would have no comment. In fact, during the 45 minutes it took to read her statement and answer reporters' questions, she did not comment on very much.

Frank Church, no doubt, would have preferred she had said nothing at all. It was so, well, *embarrassing.* Frank Church does not like to embarrass; he likes to please. He likes being liked. From the beginning, his Select Committee on Intelligence Activities has functioned much the same way, long on indignation, short on real digging. Still, it was a trial, and as summer turned into fall, Church gave every appearance of a man who wished he had never heard of the CIA, much less set out to investigate it. He was anxious to get on with the more important business of becoming the 11th announced Democratic candidate for the presidency, and the committee's work, now hopelessly behind, was proving an anchor. But there was the matter of the CIA assassination plots to tidy up, and they were turning into an exceedingly messy business. The problem, of course, was the old one: The CIA kept lying to them, kept insisting that everything it did, however harebrained or cold-blooded, was merely in the national interest, and, even if it weren't, various presidents had ordered everything.

Accountability. It bothered Frank Church, especially since he saw himself as president one day. Would his old friend John Kennedy sanction such shenanigans? Church wondered. The committee was trying to get to the bottom of the accountability problem when Judy Campbell's name floated to the surface. And floated is the right word, like a decayed corpse, and every bit as pleasant to behold. According to a number of FBI reports, she was a fairly constant companion of Roselli and Giancana, both of whom the committee had already identified as members of the Castro assassination project. The stickler was her "relationship" with the President of the United States. The dry prose of the FBI reports could not hide it. She was his girlfriend—maybe the missing link the committee had been seeking. With appetites thus whetted, the committee staff checked the telephone logs stored at the John F. Kennedy Presidential Library and found a skein of Judy's telephone calls to the White House stretching from March 29, 1961 to March 22, 1962. The date of the last phone call was more than coincidental. It was on that day that J. Edgar Hoover had a private lunch with the President at the White House. Hoover brought with him a memorandum summarizing Mrs. Campbell's relationship with Giancana and Roselli.

The implications of the relationship among Jack and Judy and Johnny and Sam were obvious. Read one way, they suggested that the Mafia had succeeded in planting an agent in no less than the bedroom of the President of the United States. Read another, they hinted that that young lady with no "deep convictions about anything at all" had functioned as the connection on a Mafia-Kennedy assassination plot. The latter possibility became more plausible when it emerged that Judy had also traveled with Kennedy, and was with him in Florida at the same time another of her boyfriends, Roselli, was also in the state, receiving a poison capsule from the CIA with which to kill Castro.

In October, the now Mrs. Daniel Exner was summoned to Washington to tell her story behind closed doors to the committee's majority and minority counsels, and a few members of the staff. Her appearance lasted several hours. The committee, according to some members of its own staff, displayed a remarkable lack of curiosity about her background. "Apparently the senators didn't have the stomach to go after it," says one Kennedy insider. "Either that or the guts." Even before Mrs. Exner's testimony, the committee was exceptionally solicitous about her sensibilities. She was briefed about the sort of questions the staff wanted to have answered, and was advised that she should have counsel with her. When she said she had none, the committee thoughtfully sought one out. Out of the literally thousands of lawyers in Washington, the committee selected one Henry A. Hupschman, a recent Harvard Law graduate who, as it happened, is a member of R. Sargent Shriver's law firm.

A few weeks later, after protracted, bitter debate over whether to make any mention of her testimony at all, the committee released its long-overdue report on CIA assassination plots. The Campbell story consumed less than a page of the 349-page report. Judy was identified only as a "close friend" of the President's. Her name was omitted, and, by the unanimous agreement of all 11 members of the committee, no mention was made of her sex.

WIDE WORLD

Two worlds of Judy Exner: Today (top) she's just "a happy housewife" who, with her husband (left) and lawyer, is looking for a six-figure bid on her memoirs. But in 1960 (bottom), she was a 23-year-old actress and consort of the President-elect.

That was left to the *Washington Post,* which identified her as Judith Campbell in a story quietly tucked away on page six. The *Chicago Daily News* and the Scripps-Howard Bureau in Washington, both of whom had been working on the story, were much more explicit. In a front-page story, the *News* quoted Evelyn Lincoln, Kennedy's personal secretary, as saying of Mrs. Campbell: "She got like a pest. She would call and call." As for Mrs. Campbell's relationship with the President, Mrs. Lincoln said simply, "The President was right attractive and lots of girls used to call him."

The dirty secret was out, and Church was furious. Angrily, he ordered that every member of the committee's staff sign a statement that he or she had not been their source. No one confessed, despite hints that Church was considering administering lie detector tests to ferret out the leaker. Most Kennedy associates and former administration officials were similarly tight-lipped. When reporters sought out Evelyn Lincoln for additional comment, they were informed that she was out of the country. Kenny O'Donnell, Kennedy's appointments secretary, denied that Mrs. Campbell was ever in the White House or that Kennedy ever saw the Hoover memorandum about her Mafia connections, adding that the whole thing is part of a plot to discredit Teddy. Dave Powers, the affable Boston Irishman and presidential major-domo, claimed with characteristic humor that the only Campbell he ever heard of "was the kind with the chunky soup." A former top organized-crime investigator for Robert Kennedy, asked for leads about Giancana and Roselli, said bluntly: "Sorry, this one I'm not going to help you on."

Out of literally thousands of Washington lawyers, the Church committee selected a member of Sargent Shriver's law firm to represent Mrs. Exner

The silence is understandable. The Kennedy men are loyal to their chief,

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Don't buy any loudspeaker until you test drive it. You're not going to a recital. You're choosing a roommate.

Challenge it. Put it through its paces. Most loudspeakers can handle mid-range, mid-volume, mid-mid sound. That's no test.

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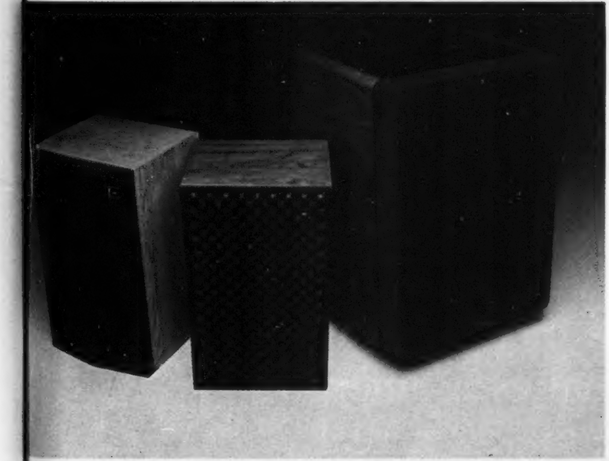

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Way down. Take it to the edge of silence, and then come back a little.

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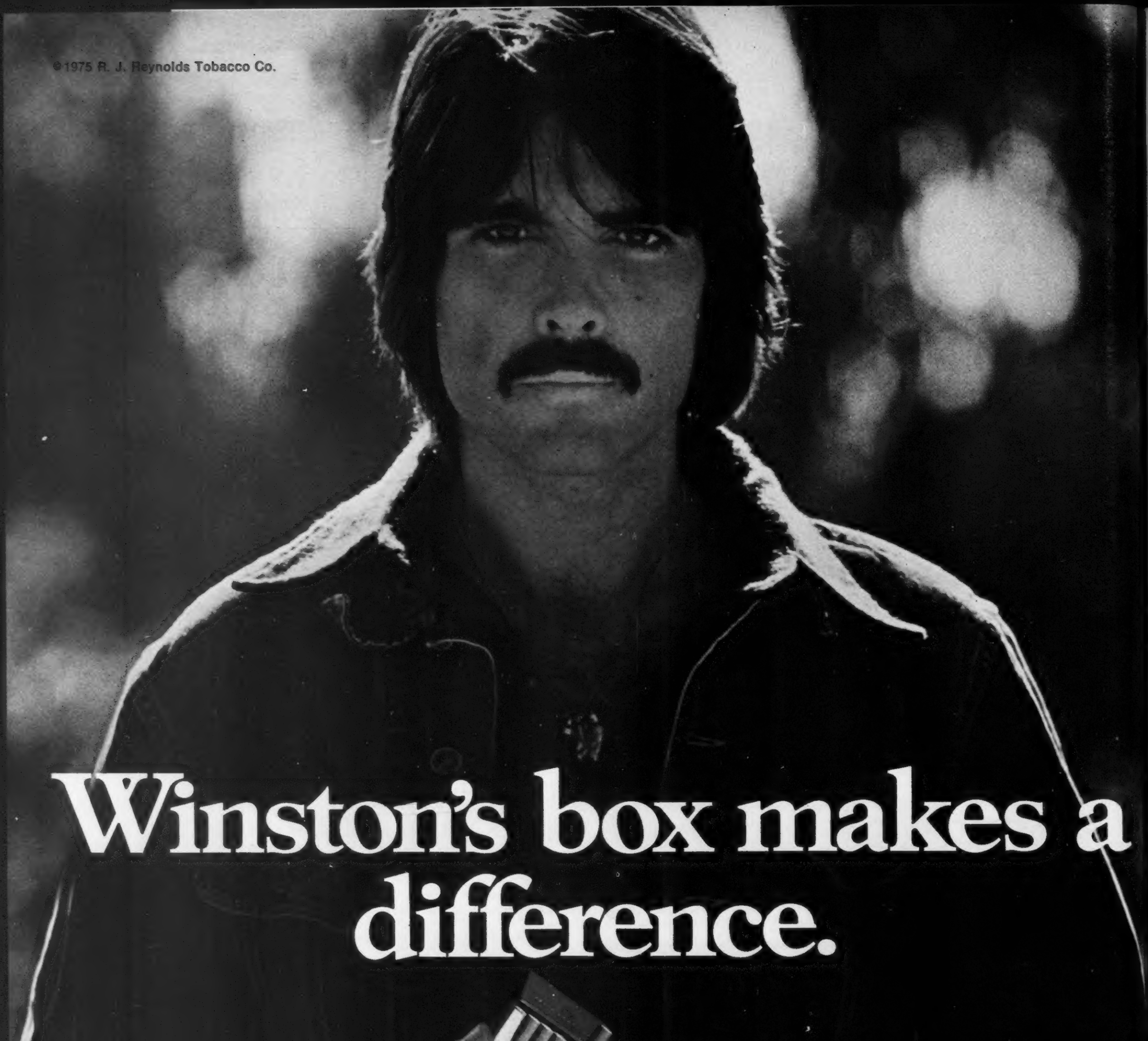

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The box fits in my jeans or jacket and doesn't get crushed. That makes a difference. Winston's taste makes a real difference, too. No cigarette gives me more taste. For me, Winston is for real.

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protective of his memory and good name, if only because that is all they have left. There is still a magic about the name Kennedy, a magic which they devoutly hope can be worked again. And so, in times of trouble, they close ranks. The ranks are closed now; the curtain has come down. But that hasn't stopped the investigators, the salacious and the merely curious from peeking under it, as well they should. For the issue is not whether John Kennedy was apparently sleeping with someone other than his wife. His eye for attractive women has long been well, if not widely, known. It is, rather, how that interest—that weakness, if you will—was exploited, by whom and toward what end.

To believe Judith Campbell Exner, she was merely a wide-eyed, innocent, gullible waif, aware that the men in her life were out of the ordinary, yet making nothing of the fact that one of them was the President of the United States while another was one of the most powerful, vicious figures in the whole of organized crime. She was, in short, just a good-time girl—"a party girl," as *Newsweek* euphemistically termed her—blissfully ignorant of everything except that good friend Frank seemed to have more than his share of interesting pals. There was glamour, money, parties in Vegas and Miami and a house in Malibu, heady inducements for a would-be actress who wanted to get ahead and who had, from every account, few visible means of support. Judy had the looks, the class and the hunger. She finally had what was perhaps most important: the connections.

Frank Sinatra was the Campbell connection, which, considering the Kennedys and Sinatra, is probably the least surprising aspect of the entire case. There were many women like Judy Campbell around Sinatra. "Frank was around here all the time, doing a show or shooting a picture down by the dam," recalls a Vegas associate. "There were dozens of broads like that with him." It could do a girl some good, for being a friend of Frank's invariably meant being a friend of Frank's friends—and they ranged from the Kennedys on down, down to the Giancanas, the Morettis, the Fischettis, down even to the big man himself, the late "Charlie Lucky," otherwise known as Lucky Luciano, the boss of all bosses. For years, the FBI and various congressional investigators have been trying to put Sinatra himself in the Mafia. Joe "The Baron" Barbosa, a self-confessed Mafia hitman, once told a congressional committee that Sinatra was a financial front man for the Mob. The committee wondered about that, as they wondered about Sinatra's investment in a race track backed by Thomas "Three Finger Brown" Luchese, and Raymond Patriarca, the organized-crime boss of New England. They were also curious about the cigarette case that Luciano carried, the gold one with the inscription, "To my dear pal Lucky, from his friend, Frank Sinatra," as they were curious about the wiretaps of Angelo "Gyp" DeCarlo, the bugs that had the Gyp boasting how his pal Frankie would fix everything. But, in the end, nothing ever came of the investigations. Sinatra never denied the friendships—"Look, Frank knows 20 of these guys," his attorney once told an astonished congressional investigator—but always claimed that they were just that, friends. His other friends seemed willing to accept that. Sinatra played a major role in John Kennedy's presidential campaign in 1960, thanks in part to Kennedy brother-in-law Peter Lawford's charter membership in the Sinatra "Rat Pack," but in larger measure to Kennedy's and Sinatra's mutual attraction to glitter and power. After Kennedy's election as president, the new attorney general asked the FBI to run a precautionary check on Sinatra's associates, and when the word came back that Sinatra's chums included some of the most notorious members of the underworld, Kennedy put some distance between himself and the singer. The President no longer stayed at Sinatra's estate when he visited Palm Springs, camping out at Bing Crosby's instead. They continued to socialize, however, long after their reported break. One former close associate of Robert Kennedy's remembers that the kidnapping of Frank Sinatra Jr., not long after the President's assassination, was one of the few events that commanded Bobby's personal attention during his remaining months in the Justice Department. Kennedy, according to the aide, talked with Sinatra on the phone a number of times and personally pushed the FBI investigation of the kidnapping. The brothers also socialized with Sinatra while Jack was in the White House. On one occasion, Sinatra was a guest aboard the presidential yacht *Honey Fitz* for a cruise down the Potomac. Sinatra was recounting a recent visit to Italy and an audience with Pope John XXIII when Lawford interjected teasingly, "All your friends in Chicago are Italian, too."

Turning off the Kennedy assault on organized crime soon became one of Giancana's chief obsessions

Frank's friends were Judy's friends, a number of them anyway. Giancana, whom she met at a party in Miami, and Roselli—Giancana took care of the introductions there—apparently were not the only hoods who came to know her charms. It is not surprising. "When they found a good broad," explains one law-enforcement official in Chicago, "they passed her around."

Sam, being boss, would naturally have first pick. Giancana was priggish with his underlings, ordering them to stay monogamous for the sake of "security." Sam himself had a healthy, some would say voracious, appetite for the female of the species, the flashier the better. He took a special interest in starlets, would-be and otherwise. His years-long wooing of singers Keely Smith and Phyllis McGuire was regularly splashed across the front pages of Chicago newspapers. There everyone would be, smiling, having a good time, lapping it up, and, in the midst of them would be the dour little man with thinning hair, who never seemed to smile.

Having spent so much time with so distinguished a personage, Judy Exner's recollections of Sam Giancana seem remarkably dim. She puts her first meeting with Giancana—"Moe" or "Mooney" his friends called him—several months after she met Kennedy, and with Roselli well after that. That is not how federal investigators remember it, nor even Roselli, who puts the date of his introduction with the lady well before the time she met Kennedy. The point seems trivial, until the rumor drifts by that when Judy finally tells all she will claim that Kennedy recruited her to spy on the Mob. She probably wouldn't have been much of an agent. It's that memory again. The first time reporters asked her at her press conference whether she knew Giancana's and Roselli's connections with the underworld, she said no; later, the "no" became a "probably."

"Probably." So there is some humor in the affair after all. Because there was never any "probably" about Sam, never any doubt, and "connections" does not do the man justice. A boss does not have connections. People have connections to him. Salvatore Giancana was the boss. You couldn't very well miss it; Mooney even acted the part. The silk suits, the shades, the cigars (Cuban, naturally) and pink Cadillacs and the blonde on each arm—Giancana had them all.

"He sort of talked like Sheldon Leonard, always out of the side of his mouth, like in the movies," says one prosecutor who followed his career with special interest. "Only with Mooney, it wasn't like in the movies. He wasn't kidding."

Hardly. When it came to business, Moe was not known as a kidder. A product of Chicago's tough West Side, Giancana began his career as a wheelman for "Machine Gun" Jake McGurn, one of the prime suspects in the St. Valentine's Day Massacre. He did his first stretch in prison at age 15. By the time he was 20, Mooney had 51 arrests, three of them for murder. When his draft board asked Giancana his profession, he coolly replied, "I steal." The board granted him a deferment, convinced that Giancana was a psychotic, a bum rap, as far as Giancana was concerned, because, for once, he was merely telling the truth. If the Army didn't want him, Giancana would put his talents to use on the home front. He organized the numbers operation in Chicago and, after the war, extended his reach into other traditional Mob activities: gambling, policy, loan-sharking, jukeboxes, prostitution, hijacking and labor racketeering. By 1957, he was ready to take over control of the entire 300-member Chicago family. All that remained was communicating his wishes to the incumbent *don*, Tony "Big Tuna" Accardo. Mooney passed the message with typical subtlety. One day as Accardo was entering his $500,000 suburban estate, a bullet whistled over his head. From then on, Giancana was boss.

The kidnapping of Frank Sinatra Jr., not long after the President's assassination, was one of the few events that commanded Bobby's personal attention during his remaining months in office

UPI

The empire he ruled was vast, stretching from Cleveland to Kansas City and south all the way to Miami. The estimated yearly take was $2 billion, with $40 to $50 million of it going directly to Giancana. The boss often conducted business on the golf course, if only because it put him well out of the range of federal eavesdropping. He was less guarded in the confines of his favorite hangout, the Armory Lounge on the West Side. There, bugs picked up a number of his conversations, including several in which Giancana ordered the murder of transgressors as casually as one might send out for a pack of cigarettes. Some were especially nasty, like the dispatching of a 300-pound stool pigeon. This particular unfortunate was hung on a meat hook for two days while Giancana's personal executioners, Fifi Buccieri and Willie Daddano, tortured him to death with an electric cattle prod, ice picks, a baseball bat and a blow torch. Later, a federal bug picked up Buccieri's sole lament: "I'm only sorry the big slob died so soon."

Giancana was never arrested, much less convicted for any of these crimes, in part because he had successfully "juiced" (bribed) a good part of the Chicago judicial and political establishment. He could also count on the services of Richard Kane, a former Chicago police detective, who later served as chief investigator for the Cook County sheriff. He was, in effect, Giancana's fox inside the henhouse. Kane was a most handy man to have on the payroll. On one memorable occasion, a number of hoods were picked up after robbing a suburban savings and loan. The word among the outfit was that one of them had ratted. Enter investigator Kane and a polygraph machine. Sure enough, one of the hoods flunked the lie test. Shortly thereafter, the stoolie came to a violent, if predictable end. Kane's own career was abruptly terminated a little more than a year ago, when he was shotgunned to death in a Chicago restaurant. His assailants, who were never apprehended, entered the restaurant wearing ski masks and toting a walkie-talkie. After they had lined the other patrons up against the wall and cornered Kane, a voice from somewhere outside crackled over the speaker, "Have you picked up the package?" "Sure have," one of the murderers answered and, with that, proceeded to blow Kane's head off.

Roselli, Judy Campbell's other boyfriend, was another important component of the Giancana apparatus. Just where he fit into the apparatus, what his specific duties were, and what rank he held in the organization have always been matters of some dispute among various law-enforcement agencies, the general view being that "Johnny," as everyone calls him, was something of a third stringer. His conviction in 1968 for hustling a number of prominent Hollywood types in a card-cheating scam at the Friar's Club did little to enhance his reputation. Most of Johnny's credit comes from his earlier days in Chicago and on the Coast, where he operated as an extortionist and strong-arm man. During the Fifties and Sixties, Roselli spent much of his time in Vegas. Officially, his occupation was running concessions in one or two of the big hotels, though Johnny himself liked to boast that he was a "movie producer." His actual job, in the opinion of local and federal law-enforcement officials, was as a fixer, the man to see when you wanted to cut a deal. Suave, charming, a legendary ladies' man, Johnny, says Hank Greenspun, publisher of the *Las Vegas Sun*, was "the guy who made you the offers you couldn't refuse." He was exceptionally well-connected, not only in Vegas but in Los Angeles and Chicago, as well as in Washington, where he was often seen dining at Duke Ziebert's in the company of a prominent Washington lawyer and fixer with his own well-established connections to the Central Intelligence Agency.

Few people ever made much of those connections until Roselli's name surfaced as one of the hoods the CIA had recruited to assassinate Castro. The middleman in that operation was Robert Maheu, the former FBI agent who, for a time, headed Howard Hughes' empire in Nevada. As Maheu subsequently described his role to reporters, his agency project officer "asked me if in connection with a planned invasion in Cuba I would contact a Mr. John Roselli in Los Angeles, asking if Mr. Roselli would be inclined to help in a program for removing Mr. Castro from the scene." Roselli, Maheu went on, was "reluctant to participate," but finally agreed after Maheu prevailed on his patriotism and devotion to the national interest. Roselli went to Giancana, and, with CIA assistance, the two of them cooked up a variety of plots, all of which went awry. The Church committee report on CIA assassinations details only one scheme, in which Castro was saved because an agency-supplied poison capsule failed to be delivered to its intended recipient. Other accounts have Roselli taking a more active role. According to one story, Roselli flew to Miami in March 1961 to iron out the details of the Castro assassination in separate meetings with the CIA and Santo Trafficante Jr., the organized-crime boss of Tampa, Florida, whose specialty is drug traffic on the East Coast. Though accounts differ, the agency apparently agreed to supply Roselli with money, weapons and transportation for the assassination attempt. Roselli himself volunteered to accompany one of the missions to Cuba. For all the elaborate preparations, the Roselli hitmen turned out to be the gang that couldn't shoot straight. The first group of assassins was successfully landed on the

WIDE WORLD

PHIL STERN/GLOBE PHOTOS

UPI

Sinatra played a major role in JFK's campaign, thanks to Peter Lawford's membership in the "Rat Pack" (bottom). He shared Kennedy's attraction to glamour and power, but only occasionally socialized with Jack (top) and Jackie (left) after the election.

Cuban coast, then simply disappeared. Another time a landing party was driven off in a running gun battle with a Cuban patrol boat. On a third occasion, a Roselli operative tried to kill Castro with a poison capsule which had been slipped into the Cuban leader's daily chocolate malted. The attempt failed when the waiter bearing Castro the fated malted started shaking in terror and aroused Castro's suspicions.

Giancana's role—aside from being Roselli's boss—in all these capers is also unclear. It is known, though, that Giancana was present at a syndicate commission meeting in 1959, which, at the behest of Meyer Lansky, put a $1-million price tag on Castro's head. Giancana did his part in Chicago. Kane worked at recruiting would-be invaders for the Bay of Pigs operation from the Spanish-speaking community on the West Side. According to law-enforcement officials, Kane made little secret of the fact that his efforts were being sponsored by the CIA, and, in fact, were being directed by the agency. The Mob was later rewarded for its efforts. In 1969, shortly after the inauguration of Richard Nixon, pending deportation proceedings against Roselli were dropped in what were called the "interests of national security." Giancana's problems were somewhat more complicated. Robert Kennedy, unaware of what a fine fellow he was, had targeted Giancana for special attention by the Justice Department. On a "hit list" of 4,300 hoods Kennedy had designated for harassment and prosecution, Giancana, according to a former Kennedy aide, "ranked number three on the list, maybe number two, with Hoffa, of course, claiming top spot."

The weapon federal prosecutors employed against Giancana was a little-noticed immunity clause in the Federal Communications Act. The prosecutors charged, with ten volumes of FBI reports and toll tickets to back them up, that Giancana had used the phone to foster a criminal conspiracy and, with Kennedy's blessing, hauled him before a grand jury. The questions were asked, Giancana took the Fifth and was promptly immunized. When he still refused to talk, he was cited for contempt and slapped into prison for the duration of the grand jury, which turned out to be a year. When the year was up, Giancana was again brought before the grand jury. But times had changed dramatically. John Kennedy was dead and Robert Kennedy was no longer attorney general. Moments before Edward Hanrahan, the then-U.S. Attorney, was to begin grilling Giancana, he got a telephone call from Fred Vinson Jr., head of the Justice Department's criminal division. Giancana was not to be immunized, Vinson ordered. Hanrahan hung up the phone ashen-faced. Moments later, Sam Giancana walked out of the federal courthouse a free man. Before the day was out, he had boarded a plane for Cuernavaca, Mexico, and the beginning of an eight-year exile from Chicago and its inquisitive federal strike force.

The official explanation was that a technicality in the law prevented prosecutors from immunizing him again. Few people believed it, least of all the investigators in the case. There were suspicions that Giancana's fabled ability to juice his adversaries had somehow worked its wonders once again. But subsequent revelations of the government's involvement with a number of Mob *capos* are beginning to change minds. "They cut a deal, no question about it," says one investigator intimately involved in the case. "Mooney talked to the 'G' and he walked. I don't know what he was doing for them, but he did something. The whole thing stinks." It will be surprising if prosecutors ever do find out what sort of deal Giancana had with the CIA; even now, the agency isn't talking. "You'd call these guys up at CIA and ask them if they had an arrangement with Giancana, and they'd say, 'Giancana? How do you spell that?' " remembers a former senior official in the Kennedy Justice Department. "They were lying bastards. They were in bed with this guy."

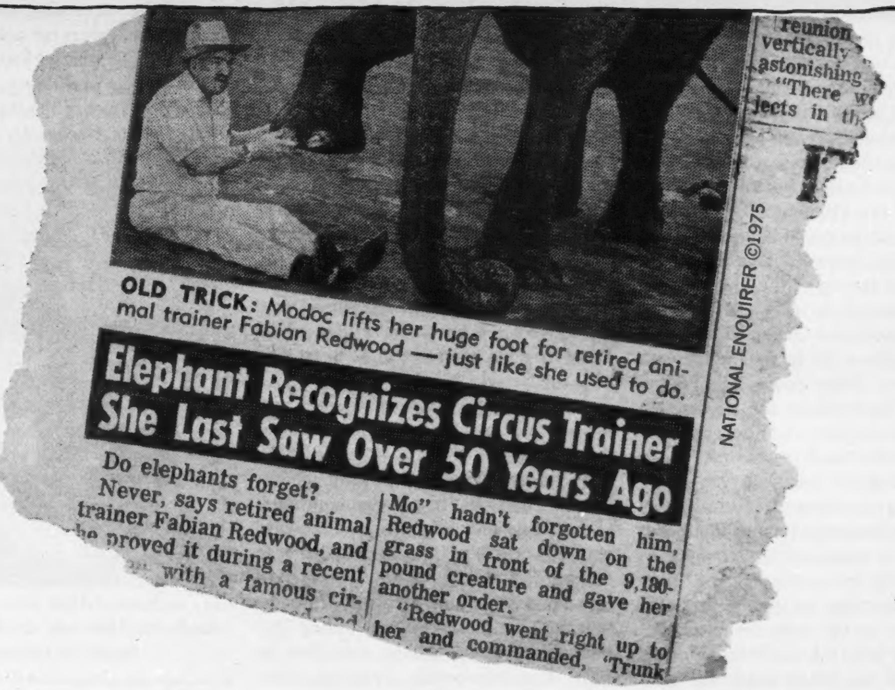
On a "hit list" of 4,300 hoods Bobby Kennedy had designated for harassment and prosecution, Giancana "ranked number three, maybe two, on the list"

These days, that seems an especially apt metaphor. But, while Robert Kennedy was attorney general the national security argument never washed. Not that the CIA didn't try. Larry Huston, the agency's former counsel, went to Kennedy in late 1962 and informed him that Giancana had been recruited for the Castro assassination project. Kennedy was livid. "The next time you deal with the Mafia, come to me first," he snapped at Huston. Kennedy, in fact, was paying particular attention to Giancana and his activities. A number of Giancana lieutenants were busted on what seemed the flimsiest of charges. Joey Aiuppa, a leading member of the Chicago organization, was a typical example; Kennedy had him prosecuted for violating the provisions of the Migratory Bird Act. Henry Petersen, then a senior aide in the Justice Department, later recalled Bobby's approach: "His instructions were: 'Don't let anything get in your way. If you have problems, come see me. Get the job done, and if you can't get the job done, get out.' "

Turning off the Kennedy assault on organized crime—an attack that centered on Las Vegas and Chicago—soon became one of Giancana's chief obsessions. If the President could not be juiced, well, there were other ways to reach him. For, as Giancana knew well, Kennedy was vulnerable.

What role, if any, Judy Campbell played in Giancana's plans remains a matter of sheer speculation. But sexual blackmail, obviously, is a possibility. Such a tactic would have been in keeping with Giancana's known methods of doing business. Giancana himself, according to some reports, later boasted that his organization had placed a girl with the President. It could have been a Mob bluff, or, once again, it could have been one of those rare times when Giancana was telling the truth. The Church committee would never know. In the early morning hours of June 19, 1975, Sam Giancana was in his kitchen preparing a late-night snack of Italian sausage, escarole and cece beans. Upstairs, his caretaker watched television, with the air conditioner humming in the background. Someone else was in the house, too, someone who Giancana apparently knew, for there were no signs of forced entry. The unmarked Chicago police car that had been sitting outside Giancana's Oak Park home earlier in the evening had left to check the houses of other nearby mobsters. It would be some time before it would return. The house was quiet. No one heard the faint popping of seven silenced slugs as they destroyed Sam Giancana's brain.

Giancana's assailant has never been found. The police have a prime suspect or two, but a number of witnesses called before the grand jury, including the caretaker, have been taking the Fifth. "The trail," says one disheartened investigator, "looks pretty cold." One lead that is being checked out is a silenced .22 used



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OLD TRICK: Modoc lifts her huge foot for retired animal trainer Fabian Redwood — just like she used to do.

Elephant Recognizes Circus Trainer She Last Saw Over 50 Years Ago

Do elephants forget?

Never, says retired animal trainer Fabian Redwood, and he proved it during a recent with a famous cir-

Mo" hadn't forgotten him, Redwood sat down on the grass in front of the 9,180-pound creature and gave her another order.

"Redwood went right up to her and commanded, 'Trunk

Here's another juicy bit of news.

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Many people (about 6) have inquired as to whether or not there was another way to down a shot of our classy Gold, aside from the salt and lime ritual.

There is. And since for some obscure reason you've read this far, we'll tell you the way.

Mix 3 oz. of tomato juice, 1-1/2 oz. of orange juice, juice from 1/2 a lime, 1 tsp. of grenadine, a little salt and a touch of tabasco.

In Mexico, this juicy concoction is called Sangrita. You can sip the chilled Sangrita and Gold alternately or you can mix them together.

That's something for you and your grocer to work out. We refuse to get involved.

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in another gang killing. It seems remarkably similar to the weapon used to kill Giancana. Coincidentally, the second gun was recovered in San Diego.

Until Judith Campbell Exner publishes her memoirs, the best source of information on the Kennedy-Campbell connection is the Federal Bureau of Investigation, and the FBI is not talking. One investigator intimately familiar with the FBI's records, however, says that "Judy Exner is just the tip of the iceberg." He adds that the bureau was well aware of her relationship with Giancana and Kennedy long before the famous lunch with Hoover at the White House. The FBI reports and recollections are so detailed that the investigator surmises that the bureau shadowed and/or wired Kennedy during his trips to Vegas.

The young senator and his family would not arouse even the most innocent curiosity. For they were no strangers to Nevada. They were, as a matter of fact, related by marriage to one of the most powerful men in the state, real-estate developer Norman Biltz. Until his death several years ago, Biltz was known—with no particular affection—as "the Duke of Nevada." He was a king-maker in the grand style, and one of the kings he made was Senator Pat McCarran, the legendary bigot and Red-hunter who was thinly fictionalized as the corrupt senator in *The Godfather, Part II.* Biltz had married into the Auchincloss clan and was Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy's step-uncle. In 1960, Biltz took the uncharacteristic step of bucking the pro-Johnson state Democratic organization by endorsing Jack Kennedy. Biltz very nearly succeeded in swinging the entire delegation to his side, finally missing by a margin of one vote. According to one of Biltz's associates, who was with him during the Democratic convention, Jackie called him shortly after the caucus and said, "Uncle Norman, how could you let *your* state vote against Jack?"

If John Kennedy was a problem, and John Kennedy could not be blackmailed, well. . .

No lover of Las Vegas, Biltz centered his power in the northern part of the state, where, on the shores of Lake Tahoe, he entertained various visiting dignitaries, friends and potentates, among them Joseph P. Kennedy Sr. The Kennedy patriarch spent several summer vacations at Tahoe in the late Fifties. He stayed at the Cal-Neva Lodge (the border with California runs through the swimming pool) as the guest of Bert "Wingie" Grover, a gambler from Miami. Grover and his partners later sold the Cal-Neva to a syndicate headed by Frank Sinatra. Sinatra, in turn, was forced to sell his interest after Nevada authorities discovered that one of the guests in residence was Sam Giancana, then one of 11 hoods listed in the Nevada "black book."

Politics do make strange bedfellows, and nowhere are they stranger than in Nevada. One of the elder Kennedy's acquaintances, for instance, was Morris "Moe" Dalitz, a prominent figure in the Cleveland and Detroit underworld before World War II. Dalitz, a partner in the Stardust casino and hotel, boasted of his acquaintance with Kennedy, claiming that they had done business during Prohibition days. Dalitz was also close to Biltz. The relationship between Dalitz and the Kennedy family was ironic, to say the least, for soon after Bobby became attorney general he began probing the shady activities of the Teamsters Union's gargantuan Central States Pension Fund (estimated assets: $1.3 billion), one of whose clients was the self-same Moe Dalitz. Dalitz, who used an estimated $57 million of pension fund money to build the Rancho La Costa Country Club near San Clemente, later became sensitive about his associations—particularly his close friendship with Jimmy Hoffa. In 1975, Dalitz and three partners sued *Penthouse* magazine, contending that the magazine had libeled them by suggesting that La Costa was founded by the syndicate and controlled and frequented by mobsters. In its rejoinder to Dalitz's suit, *Penthouse* claimed in court papers that there was "overwhelming documentation" of his "critical role as the architect in the organization of crime in this country."

The trouble, of course, was the nature of Democratic politics. To run for national office, one had to make friends and raise money, and, in Nevada, that invariably meant meeting the Mob. Kennedy made one trip to Vegas in 1956 at the request of Wilbur Clark, then head of the Clark County Democratic Central Committee and partner with Dalitz in the Desert Inn. Kennedy was back in town in 1958, and Ralph Pearl, a local entertainment columnist, places him at the Sands at the opening of the Clan. Kennedy reportedly made several other trips to the state in the succeeding two years, some for pleasure, others for politics. When he returned in February 1960, he was a candidate for the presidency. Sinatra, Lawford and the rest of the Rat Pack were in town to shoot *Oceans 11*, a light-hearted tale of the Mob and their casinos. Kennedy's visit was apparently on short notice. Jackie was not along. The records show that he attended and addressed a dinner reception for about 500 people at the Gold Room of the Convention Center, and later retired to a small, fund-raising cocktail party with about 50 heavy givers at the Sands. According to an organizer of the party, those present were "politicians and casino people." There was someone else in town, too. Her name was Judy Campbell.

WIDE WORLD

Norman Biltz was called "the Duke of Nevada" by some, "Uncle" by Jackie Kennedy.

They met, she says, at 10:30 the night of February 7 at a dinner table in the Sands Garden Room. Teddy and Lawford were also present. Frank took care of the introductions. The rest, as they say, is history.

If the Mob was employing Judy Campbell as a means of blackmailing Kennedy, the attempt failed miserably. The organized-crime prosecutions did not stop; if anything, they intensified. Giancana continued to be a special target. In June 1963, more than a year after Kennedy learned of Judy's Mob connections, Giancana was put under "rough surveillance." Carloads of federal agents were parked outside his house around the clock, seven days a week. They dogged his every step, interviewed his neighbors, followed his family, tailed his friends and, according to Giancana, even pursued him to weekly Mass at St. Bernadine's Church. Giancana finally went into court to seek relief. At the hearing, his lawyer protested: "How would you like it if you were on the 18th hole trying to line up a putt—and there were six FBI agents watching you?" The judge was sympathetic; the agents were henceforth ordered to keep at least two foursomes back. At that, Giancana was merely getting a taste of the medicine Robert Kennedy had in store for the whole of organized crime. At the time of his brother's death, Bobby was laying the groundwork for the strongest dose of all: a massive federal assault on the whole of Nevada, a demonstration that if the Mob could be taken on and beaten on its home ground, it could be defeated anywhere. It was only *after* John Kennedy's death and his brother's departure from the Justice Department that the drive against organized crime began to sputter and die. Within four years of the assassination, the number of days spent in the field by Justice Department organized-crime investigators had been cut nearly in half; the number of court briefs filed by government lawyers in organized-crime cases was slashed by more than 80 percent. Then, and only then, were hoods like Giancana and Roselli able to seek CIA immunity for their crimes.

While he lived, John Kennedy's best defense against sexual blackmail seems to have been his utter disregard for the consequences of what he did. If a tenth of the stories about the President's sexual peccadillos turn out to be true, he was obviously a man who was sure of himself and not overly caring of what people thought, including the director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. None of which says much for his judgment. There was obviously an appalling lack of it, not only about becoming involved with a Sinatra-supplied young lady, but a whole range of associations in Las Vegas, which, however casual or politically necessary, look and smell bad, especially with the benefit of 12 years' hindsight.

Something stinks about this affair, stinks about the way it is not being investigated. The Church committee concluded, and all too quickly, that Judy Campbell was just another lady in John Kennedy's life, that their chats were, as Judy insists, merely "man-woman" talk. Her presence with him in Florida, while Roselli was on assignment for the CIA? Mere coincidence. Her boyfriends in the Mob? Mere coincidence. And the *kind* of mobsters they were – the kind CIA relied on? Mere coincidence. Giancana being murdered before he could testify? Mere coincidence. Frank Church and his colleagues were only too willing to accept everything at face value, to put the most innocent construction on possibly the most sinister events. Even Judy Campbell's assertion that she was not reporting to the Mob on Kennedy (or, for that matter, to Kennedy on the Mob) went unquestioned, despite the fact that at least one of her telephone calls to the White House was placed from the same suburb where Giancana maintained his headquarters. Frank Church's motives are understandable. Having inadvertently lifted the rock, and being horrified at what lay underneath, no doubt he was in some haste to put it securely back into place. He is not a man who likes to offend.

Maybe it was all innocent—though we have only Frank Church's and Judy Campbell's word to take for that. Yet all too many questions remain outstanding. The Church committee was never able to nail down the problem of presidential accountability in the foreign assassination plots. If, as seems likely, John Kennedy did not know that the CIA and the Mafia had gone into the assassination business, what else did he not know, and why? This is not idle speculation. When so upright a fellow as William Safire, the conservative columnist for the *New York Times,* begins to wonder in print whether Sam Giancana ever mentioned the name "Jack Ruby" to Frank Sinatra, then it is more than kooks and crazies who want to know. What Safire hints at is not inconceivable. Jack Ruby, the slayer of Lee Harvey Oswald, *did* come out of the West Side Chicago Mob. There were other mobsters—along with anti-Castroites and CIA agents—in, around and through the assassination. If John Kennedy was a problem, and John Kennedy could not be blackmailed, well. . . .

That is of little concern to Judy Campbell now. To hear her talk she longs for nothing so much as the obscurity she once enjoyed and so richly deserved. She doesn't see any of the old crowd these days. Her last contact with Moe was shortly before he began his Mexican exile. Johnny R. hasn't been around in years. She calls herself an "artist" now and goes by the name Kate. The dreams of being an actress are far behind her. Soon, she and her husband will be able to move into something more substantial than a mobile home; according to her lawyer, the bidding for her memoirs is in the six-figure range. One of Frank's old songs says it all: you know, the one about California and easy living and being broke. . . "That's why the lady is a tramp."●

NEW YORK TIMES

John Roselli, who testified before the Church committee (above), was known as suave, smooth, but something of a third stringer in the underworld.

America's coolest cigarette and the ne

Grand Prize:

The $100,000 63-foot yacht "Lucky Lady" *or* $100,000 cash! It's the actual boat used in the making of the spectacular new 20th Century-Fox adventure film, *Lucky Lady,* starring Gene Hackman, Liza Minnelli, and Burt Reynolds.

10,000 Second Prizes:

Two tickets for the picture *Lucky Lady.*

Two things about this sweepstakes are extra cool. One is the great taste of KOOL cigarettes. The other is the 63-foot, $100,000 yacht "Lucky Lady." It's the yacht sailed by Gene Hackman, Liza Minnelli, and Burt Reynolds in the production of the sensational new 20th Century-Fox movie *Lucky Lady.* And the yacht, or, if you prefer, a cool $100,000 in cash, just might become yours if you win the KOOL "Lucky Lady" Sweepstakes. To enter, follow the official contest rules and mail in the entry blank. Then you'll be eligible for the drawing of the winner of "Lucky Lady," or two tickets for the film. Who knows? You may be sailing over cool waters or counting all that cool, green money. It's one of the coolest sweepstakes ever from the coolest cigarette ever. That's KOOL—Filter Kings, Super Longs, Milds and Box.

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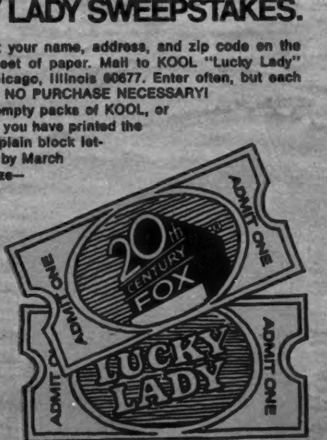
Official Rules: 1. To enter, print your name, address, and zip code on the entry blank, or on a 3" x 5" sheet of paper. Mail to KOOL "Lucky Lady" Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 4448, Chicago, Illinois 60677. Enter often, but each entry must be mailed separately. NO PURCHASE NECESSARY! 2. Each entry must include two empty packs of KOOL, or a 3" x 5" piece of paper on which you have printed the words "COME UP TO KOOL" in plain block letters. Entries must be postmarked by March 1, 1976. 3. Prizes. The Grand Prize—the 63' yacht "Lucky Lady," valued at $100,000 or $100,000 cash. 10,000 second prizes—two tickets to the film *Lucky Lady*. Tickets are non-transferable and not redeemable for cash. 4. Grand Prizewinner chooses yacht or cash. The yacht will be delivered to the winner at its berth in California. Payment of Federal, state, and local taxes imposed on the prizewinner and the cost of delivering the yacht to the winner's home city are the sole responsibility of the prizewinner. Prize is non-transferable. 5. Winners will be selected in a drawing conducted by H. Olsen & Co., the results of which will be final. The odds of winning will be determined by the number of entries received. All prizes will be awarded. Grand Prizewinner must agree to use of his name and picture for this promotion. 6. This sweepstakes is open only to residents of the United States 21 years of age or older. Employees of Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, its affiliate companies, advertising agencies, H. Olsen & Co., 20th Century-Fox Films, Inc., and their advertising agencies, and their families are not eligible. Void in Missouri and wherever else prohibited or restricted by law. All Federal, state, and local laws apply. 7. For the name of the Grand Prizewinner, send a separate stamped, self-addressed envelope to: KOOL "Lucky Lady" Winners, P.O. Box 6353, Chicago, Illinois 60677.



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An Iranian college student, offended by an offer to spy against his country, clandestinely recorded the advances of a CIA agent

THE CIA CAMPUS TAPES

By Frances FitzGerald

A: Hello?
E: Good evening. Mark Ellerson.
A: Hi. How are you?
E: Fine. How are you?
A: I've been expecting your phone call all night.
E: Oh, have you?
A: Yes.
E: I thought I'd wait until after 11:00.
A: Oh, 11:00. Just (unclear).
E: I got to watching the Johnny Carson show. . . .
A: Oh, you were watching the Johnny Carson show? That's a funny show. In fact, Charlie Callas was on tonight, right?
E: Yeah. . . .
A: And he's one of my favorites. (Assent) But unfortunately I thought I'd just sit here and read a book. (Assent) And just wait for your phone call.
E: Well, that's better. (Assent) . . . . Reading a book. (Laughter) I thought I would come down tomorrow evening.

It is not, perhaps, the dialogue Robert Redford would use for a contact between a CIA agent and a potential recruit, but it is accurate. So let me introduce the actors. A is Ahmad Jabbari, an Iranian economist, 30 years old, on the verge of taking his Ph.D. at Washington University in St. Louis, Missouri. E, Mark Ellerson, is a CIA agent based in Chicago in charge of recruiting A for work within the Iranian government. Both have a good deal of cool. Mark, for instance, never says a word more than is necessary. He waits like a professional gambler or a psychoanalyst for the other to fill the pauses with conversation. When he speaks, his voice is deep and slow with assurance and his manner slightly paternal. Though 15 or 20 years older than Ahmad and undoubtedly not a very high-ranking agent, Ellerson is a professional: He has (so he said) served in Germany, and he knows a certain amount about foreign students. Ahmad, in contrast, is extremely talkative, overeager, volatile. Clearly the intellectual, he is endlessly explaining himself in English that, after his 12 years in the United States, is still not quite perfect. But cool, nevertheless, because for six months he has been playing a dangerous game with Ellerson. Once Mark made the initial contact, Ahmad encouraged their meetings and protracted their relationship in order to find out something about the CIA operations in his country. He has taped the conversations he has had alone with Mark for the purpose of publishing them.

Ahmad has become a friend of mine, and I have heard the tapes. His story is not spectacular, but it is instructive about agency SOP. Also, as Ahmad hoped, it suggests a certain amount about CIA operations within the Iranian government and among foreign students in the United States. The most striking thing is the casualness of Mark's project and the insignificance of the potential rewards. But you will see, for the best way to tell the story is as a narrative, beginning at the beginning.

Ahmad met Mark through a man called Gerald Neuman—a mere acquaintance of his, a friend of friends. An older man, Neuman had interested Ahmad when they first met because he knew something about Iran—he was, he said, working on a government research project—and because he was an intellectual. The two had talked at length. Ahmad had described the dissertation he was doing on development economics and said that he planned to return to Iran when his dissertation was finished in the summer of 1976. Neuman had asked for an academic bibliography and promised to call Ahmad when he came through St. Louis again.

Two months later—in July of last year—he did telephone and, apologizing for not having called earlier, said that he had just been in East Asia. The two lunched, and Ahmad remembers having given some more information about himself. But what exactly? That he came from a middle-class merchant family now living in Teheran? That he had studied aerospace engineering for six years at Penn State before switching to economics? That he would probably get a job teaching at a university, but that he had applied routinely to the National Iranian Oil Company and Iran National Airlines? Perhaps none of the above, but the information was easy enough to come by, as was the fact that he had not been involved with any Iranian political group since he quit the Iranian Student Association in the U.S. in 1968 in protest against its left-wing sectarianism. After lunch, Neuman took Ahmad up to his room and turned on the television set. Explaining that he occasionally did some intelligence work, he asked if Ahmad would like to meet someone from intelligence, leaving the clear implication that an offer would be made.

Ahmad did not say so, but he was furious. "As an economist," he told me later, "I don't entirely agree with all the policies of my government, but that's beside the point. Iran is a sovereign state, and I am a citizen. I was being asked to choose between my government and some foreign spy agency, so of course there was no choice. I was angry, but at the same time I was intrigued. The Rockefeller Commission report had just been published, and every day it seemed there was some news about CIA spying or assassination attempts. I wanted to find out more about CIA covert operations within my government. As a responsible citizen, I thought I could help my country. So I decided to play the game and see how far it would go." But, aware of the danger of compromising himself, Ahmad took his precautions and kept a complete record of what transpired.

Neuman called twice in July about setting a date, and finally a meeting was arranged for July 30. Ahmad's journal for that day reads:

> Today is Wednesday. I've had a meeting with Gerald Neuman, and he introduced me to the security agency's man by the name of Mark Ellerson. With the help of a friend, I packed a small tape recorder in my briefcase and met with them at the Colony Hotel in Clayton, Missouri. [Clayton is a township within the St. Louis area.] It was just an introductory meeting, and we did not discuss anything substantial. Mark is in his late 40s or early 50s, strongly built. Wearing a casual suit (black). Appears to be very experienced in his work, but his knowledge of Iran and its people is very poor. He said he had been in Iran during World War II (Abadan and Khorramshahr). He is from German descent. He will call me back within 10 days or 2 weeks for a serious talk.
>
> Unfortunately the microphone of my tape recorder picked up the rotating sound of the motor, and so it is hard to make out anything intelligible from the recording. I'll be prepared next time.

Ahmad was lucky that afternoon. The meeting had taken place in the bar of the Colony—a red-carpeted lounge that opened onto the lobby of the plush new hotel. Though Ahmad did not know of the malfunction of his tape recorder at the time, he had thought the bar too noisy to permit a good recording and thus had cut short the meeting with an excuse. (The next time he would ask to go "somewhere quiet" to talk and take more care with the tape recorder.) He did not, however, see Gerald Neuman again; all his subsequent meetings were with Mark Ellerson.

"I was being asked to choose between my government and some foreign spy agency, so of course there was no choice"

Ellerson came from a different end of the business than Neuman—even his voice indicated that. While Neuman sounded East Coast-educated, upper-class, Ellerson spoke in more all-American accents. Burly, broad-shouldered, he looked, Ahmad said, like a former football player. He spoke fluent German, but his intellectual pursuits seemed to consist mostly of the reading of popular psychology books. His habit of writing summaries of such books and typing out the edifying passages reminded Ahmad of the work of Redford's agency in *Three Days of the Condor*—though the summaries were clearly for his own personal use. Working out of an office in Chicago—an office which was open on Sundays and in which no one identified himself on the phone — he seemed to be on the road a lot, not in Asia but in the United States. (He had, it appeared, been transferred from Washington to Chicago in the summer, but the address he put on his hotel bills was in Arlington, Virginia.) To Ahmad he showed no interest in Iranian politics and let it be known that "headquarters" had given him only a very limited, specific authority to negotiate with.

Ellerson and Jabbari met for the second time on August 13 in Mark's room at the Colony Hotel. (The tape of the meeting begins with a good many crashes and thumps and some heavy breathing: Ahmad had nervously tested the recorder in a basement bathroom before securing it under his jacket.) Mark greeted Ahmad in a friendly fashion, and after some preliminary chat, during which Mark told Ahmad he could take notes or do whatever he liked, Ahmad began to ask the questions he had come with. The following conversation ensued.

A: Now. could I ask . . . what organization are . . . can you tell me that?

E: I can tell you that I work for the CIA.

A: OK. CIA.

E: And our interest in you would be to have you go back to Iran, and get a job in the government. And that would either be in economics or banking or energy program or something like that. Since I am in the intelligence business, our business is to gather information. So we would like to have you give us the information when you work. In exchange for that, why, of course, we're willing to offer you the following. We would give you a monthly stipend to the bank of your choosing . . . .

A: Here in the United States, or in Iran?

E: Here. (Pause) Number two, we would make to you a . . . I don't know at the present time the amount of this . . . we have to think about that . . . number two, a contingency payment . . . a one-time payment . . . of $750 for medical expenses or whatever contingency you might have . . . anything that you need to have cash for.

A: This is once and for all . . . in other words, it's not a regular thing?

E: That is not a regular thing. The other is . . . the stipend.

A: The stipend is a . . . ?

E: . . . is a regular thing. This is just an emergency amount to be used by you

---

Frances FitzGerald won the National Book Award for Fire in the Lake.

in case of any emergency you might have: a medical bill, or whatever it might be. We'd like to have you return for a minimum period of two years to Iran.

A: Excellent. (Pause) So . . . I have to stay there for two years at least.

E: Yeah. After two years, this contingency payment would just be put in your escrow account. Now we're willing to assist you in acquiring permanent resident alien status in the United States.

A: This is after two years or . . . ?

E: Yes. Now the only way we wouldn't do that is if you've already applied for legal help in achieving this.

A: I've inquired . . . but not applied.

E: And then, of course, we consider that this remain a confidential matter.

A: Well, everything has to.

E: . . . so that it doesn't become embarrassing to you or to us. I know you understand it, but I have to say it anyway. We'd also, if you're interested, help you get permanent status as a naturalized citizen.

A: But . . . of course. . . .

E: Of course, you have the choice: permanent status as a naturalized citizen, or assist you in acquiring permanent resident alien status. . . . So that's that. That's all there is to it.

A: OK.

E: Do you need . . . did you get all your notes?

A: Yeah, I took some notes here, but . . . . The question that immediately comes to my mind is this: I was under the impression that CIA and the Iranian government cooperate anyway so why should then CIA really . . . try to . . .

E: Well . . . they do cooperate.[Unclear]

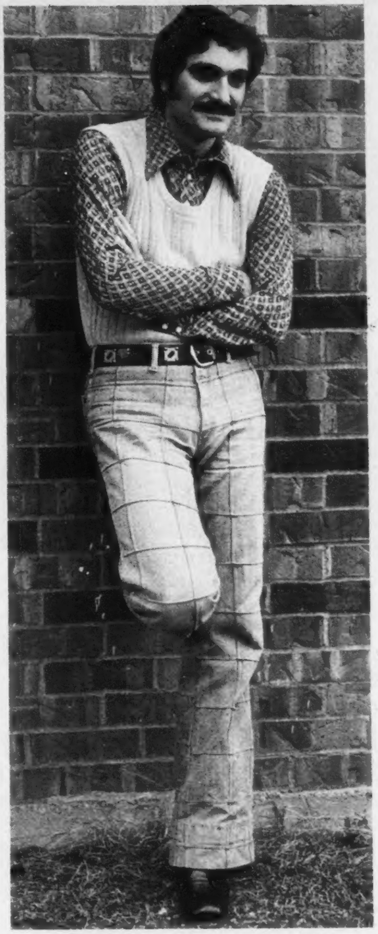
A: I mean, this is what Shah said recently.

E: Right. There's no doubt about that. But this is sort of a cross check, in whatever way you want to look at it. You can see that aside from this other cooperation with the Shah . . .

A: With the Shah. Now this would be . . . the information, for example, that I could gather . . . suppose I get a job with National Iranian Oil Company, say. . . which is a government organization, and being in economics, I suspect that my job would be in . . . somewhere in the economics branch. . . .

E: Right.

A: . . . forecasting, you know, and so on. [Assent] And well, of course, it is true, I will have access to some confidential data on stuff [E: assent] so that is really what, probably, the CIA would be interested in, even though they may not be able to get it [E: assent] themselves directly from the Iranian government.


PHOTOGRAPH BY AHMAD JABBARI

Ahmad Jabbari came to the U.S. from Iran to study economics and got a crash course in spying.

E: You see, even though there's cooperation between the Shah of Iran and the United States [A: assent] and vice versa . . . this thing is never complete. [A: assent] You understand what I mean? I mean . . . we don't know . . . [Unclear]

A: Sure, of course, each side keeps something for himself as well. OK . . . what Mr. Neuman told me before was somewhat different . . . at least the impression that I got [E: assent], but he didn't know much about it. He said that there are agencies right here in the United States who are interested in finding information on the dissidents in Iran. [E: assent] . . . whether . . .

E: Well, this would . . . everything is part of it. I mean. . .

A: Oh. . . it's not really just a job . . . .

E: It isn't limited to any one thing. [A: I see.] That would be a part of it too.

A: Because . . .

E: I mean . . . if you had knowledge of dissidents, that would be of interest. Anything you might gather would be interesting.

A: So . . .

E: That *certainly* would be of interest.

A: Yeah. . . I suppose . . . that's . . . I was under the impression that this is what you people were interested in, not just simply gathering data . . . .

E: As you know, the situation in Iran is very complicated. [A: assent] There're so many groups against the Shah, and yet some other groups are for him, and we don't know how it's ever going to wind up. Of course, I worked in Germany for a long time, and there were many, many Iranian students there against the Shah.

A: [Unclear] . . . in the United States a couple of months ago, there was a big demonstration in Washington, D.C. . . .

E: There has to be some kind of balance. I'm not in the position . . . and it's not my job . . . to be for or against the Shah. That is not my job.

A: You don't set the policy, in other words.

E: No. I'm an individual. I just do what my organization asks. [A: assent] And, I don't know exactly even what your feelings are . . . of course, about the Shah or about the Iranian government . . . what you . . . what you'd like to see happen.

A: I could tell that to you now . . . I don't know if you are going to introduce me to somebody else . . .

E: No . . . no.

A: . . . in the future or not. So that's it. In other words, if I agree, do I have to agree now, or should I. . . ?

E: You should probably agree now, yes. It's very uncomplicated, don't you think?

Ahmad ended the interview with a bravura improvisation on the theme of complexity—in his own life, in the Iranian bureaucracy, in the academic world, and so on. His performance seemed to satisfy Mark, but it did not persuade him to elaborate on his offer or to give any more information. In three subsequent conversations—two of them on the telephone—Ahmad posed new questions, proposed amendments, alternatives, but in vain. Mark clarified his simple question only by saying that the offer held only if Ahmad went into the government, not if he went to a university. Otherwise there was nothing new. Feeling himself at a dead end, Ahmad gave up and in late

September told Mark that he could not accept his offer because he had no capacity for that sort of work. "That's too bad," Mark replied simply. Though Ahmad tried to leave a door open by declaring his friendship and offering himself as a sight-seeing guide should Mark return to St. Louis, he believed that Mark would not call back. Thinking the affair at an end, he took steps to publish what he had.

But Mark did call back in the middle of October and asked for a new rendezvous. A few days later Ahmad—this time without his tape recorder—met him in the lobby of the Colony Hotel. "He said he had not checked in because he could not stay very long," Ahmad reported. "But he came up with a new suggestion. He asked me how many foreign students were here on the campus, and I said that I didn't know but probably over 200. He asked if I ever went to meetings or social gatherings for foreign students, and I said no, I didn't. He said then that his agency was interested in my making friends with some foreign students and finding out how they felt about their governments. He said that if I took them out to dinner or lunch, the agency would reimburse me for the costs. He seemed particularly interested in students from Ethiopia, Portugal and the Arab countries. He asked me if there were any Portuguese students at Washington University, and I said I didn't know. He gave me a phone number in Chicago, and we left it that I would call back if I had anything to report."

Ahmad did call back—once in my presence to verify the number—and the relationship continued, though tenuously since Ahmad had nothing to report. In one further meeting—a brief one—Mark talked of a "project" of gaining information on foreign students; he amended the list of countries to include Angola and said that he was concerned only with those students on their way home. The publication of this article should terminate the relationship, and unless Ahmad should have sudden, unexplained difficulties with U.S. Immigration, the story is at an end.

What Ahamd concludes from the encounter is that the CIA must be approaching other Iranian students in this country who are in a position to get a job in government. "My government," he said, "ought to be skeptical about students returning to work in government, as these are the potential CIA recruits—not the people going into universities or the private sector." But Ahmad is looking at the story from an Iranian perspective; from an American point of view there are other areas of interest.

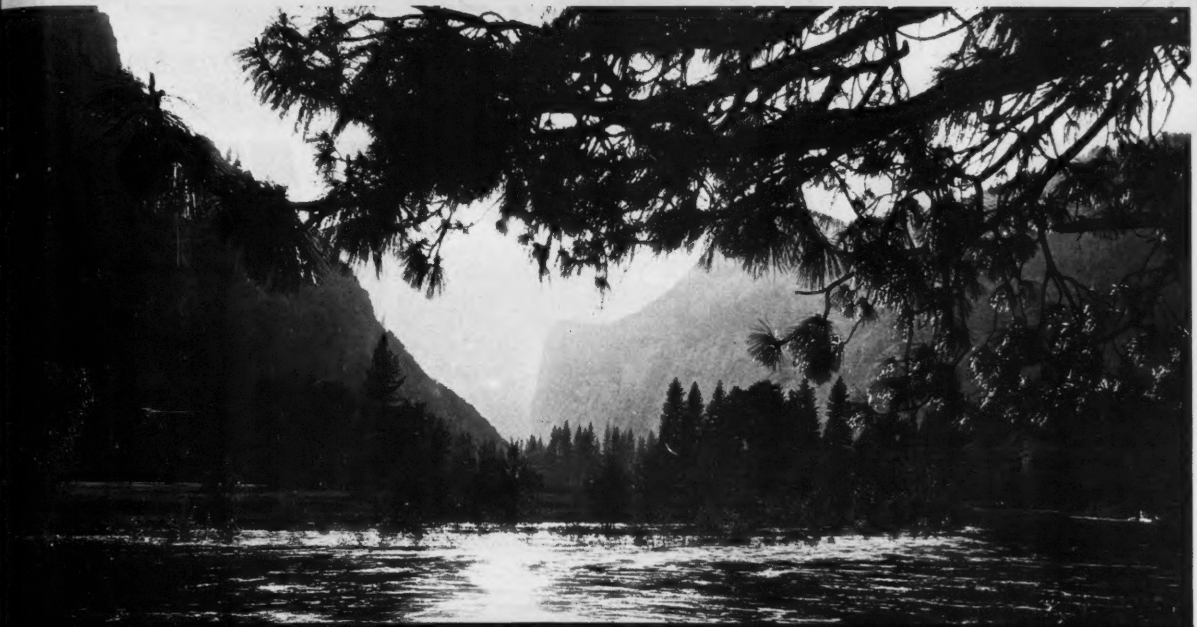
In the taped conversation with Ellerson, the most striking bit of information is that the CIA can offer American citizenship as a prize for two years of espionage work. The revelation that the CIA can influence the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service is far from blinding, but it has yet to be documented or discussed in public. A more general matter of interest is what the encounter suggests about CIA activities among foreign students in this country. Of course surveillance and recruitment of foreign students falls full within the CIA charter; it is standard practice for the CIA, as it is for most secret services throughout the world. Though it may not be very hospitable, the monitoring of certain kinds of students—nuclear physicists and experts on weapons technology, for instance—may well be in the national interest. (And in many cases, the heart of the matter is not the espionage per se but the American policy that creates the necessity for it.) Ellerson was just doing his job. On the other hand, his job seemed to be rather broad, rather general. He was looking for all kinds of information about students from all sorts of countries, and Washington University was surely not the only campus he was visiting since he seemed to know so little about foreign students there. What exactly was the use of this? The most disturbing element in the story is the confidence that Neuman and Ellerson had in approaching Ahmad when they knew so little about him. Are foreign students here so frightened of the authorities that they can be trusted not to retaliate in defense of their own governments? That Ahmad is the first to take the risk of exposing the effort at recruitment suggests that this might be true.

> **The CIA can offer American citizenship as a prize for two years of espionage work**

Then, too, there is the light the story sheds on American relations with Iran. Lest it is forgotten, the CIA organized a coup for the current Shah of Iran in 1953,liberating his Imperial Majesty from the importunities of an elected parliamentary government, the United States from the demands of Iranian nationalism and the industrialized world from an early threat to control over the oil reserves. The coup was one of the few successes CIA covert operations ever had, and it led to at least 20 years of cooperation, if not goodwill, between the American and the Iranian governments. The Shah's sudden new wealth and his new plans for Iranian greatness have not interrupted the relationship but changed it to a different key. Over the past two years, U.S. arms manufacturers have sold the Shah nearly $8 billion worth of sophisticated weaponry, and State Department officials have been talking about the stability Iran represents in the Middle East—clearly assigning Iran the role of defending American interests in the area now that American troops are not so easily exportable. As elements of continuity, the CIA still has important tracking installations in Iran, and the American ambassador, Richard Helms, is a former CIA director. In view of the level of American involvement in Iran, it is interesting to note the distance Ellerson seems to take from the Shah and the uncertainty he—or his superiors—seems to feel about the Shah's future. Under the circumstances, it is also interesting to ask why Ahmad would be useful.

Ellerson, and his superiors, knew perfectly well that Ahmad, since he did not come from an influential family, had no chance of getting an important or sensitive job in the two-year period for which they wanted to employ him. Furthermore, they did not seem to care which agency he applied for. With Ahmad they would have been gaining the services of a low-level bureaucrat in some undefined part of the government—perhaps one as tertiary as Iranian National Airlines. The inference to be drawn is either that the CIA is hard up for agents in Iran, or that it has hundreds of paid operatives in all parts of the government. In either case, what value could the reports of someone like Ahmad be? What decisions could they influence? What footnotes could they add to the forecasts of a competent embassy economist? Possibly the offer to Ahmad represented nothing more than the general tendency of bureaucracies to expand into all available spaces about them.

On the other hand, CIA Director William Colby said in a recent interview that the prime targets for CIA covert operations are now the new regional powers—Indonesia, Zaire, Brazil and Iran. U.S. policymakers may thus have decided that it is in the American interest to have an intensive program of espionage in Iran. If this is the case, then the United States hardly needs enemies—its government has had the resourcefulness to invent them. ●



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wilderness
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By Lucian K. Truscott IV

To a lot of Southern Californians, the boxy van isn't a means of transportation—it's a way of life. And it just may be the car of tomorrow

In the vanguard

A little over a year ago, I joined the ranks of the vanners, leaving my standard passenger car behind for a noisy box on wheels. Like a lot of other people, I wanted economical transportation that could be used for something more than just a place in which to sit. So I bought my 1968 Dodge van, an old laundry delivery panel truck. It's outfitted with crank-open windows, a double bed that converts to a dinette, a propane stove, a double sink, a hanging closet and that quintessential piece of van equipment, a citizen's band (CB) radio. (My handle is "Catfish"; it used to be "Broadway Hustler.") Driving is for me, next to fishing, the best drug in the world. Right there at the edge of the windshield is the road, there's no hood to clutter your vision, all that pavement running away beneath the wheels, engine purring under your right elbow, CB crackling and spitting with truckers keeping each other awake, and in the rear-view mirror the inside of the van looks like your living room—which goes a long way toward explaining the van's peculiar attraction. Even at 60 miles per hour in the middle of Utah, you've never really left home.

Louisville
Lexi

A van is a poor man's Porsche. After 1,000 miles, you discover you're not alone out there. Just east of Nashville, an International orange van whips by, going in the opposite direction. Blinking headlights, wild waving from the driver's window. At the service station just off the next exit, a guy in a rrow

ers,
on

Nashville
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HELMET LAWS SUCK

PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF HOT ROD MAGAZINE

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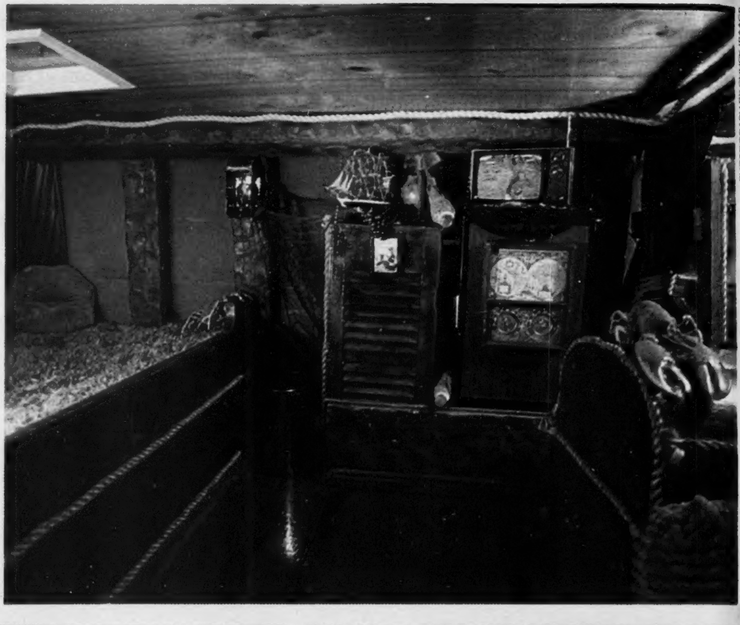
Interiors: The aim of every van owner is to have a "radical" rig. So, after the obligatory shag rug, velvet seats, stereo and (for uptown folk) color TV, anything goes—nautical motifs, early Victorian plush, late cathouse, etc. The vans shown here are modest compared to some: for instance, the $50,000 Caesar's Palace, which is geared for partying, with pillars, murals and a three-tier champagne fountain. (No wonder some wags have dubbed customized vans "sin bins.") The Gladiator, which weighs in at about the same price, has a round bed and mirrored ceiling, a "patio" that rolls out from the side of the van, two hidden bars and a wine cellar. Graham Oats, the designer/builder/owner of Gladiator, is already planning his next van. He explains: "There's no limit to the amount of money you can spend—except your pocket."



PHOTOGRAPH BY CHUCK ISAACS

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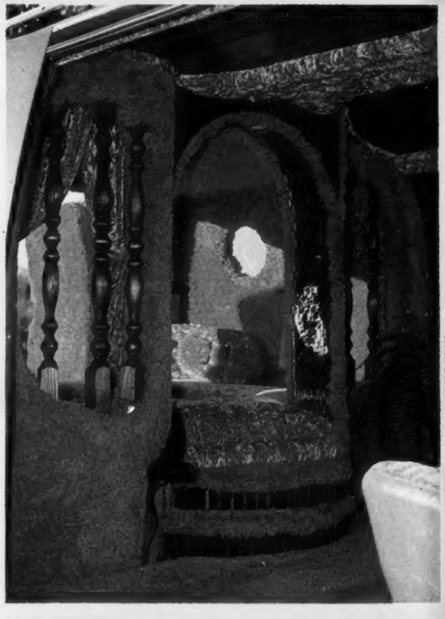

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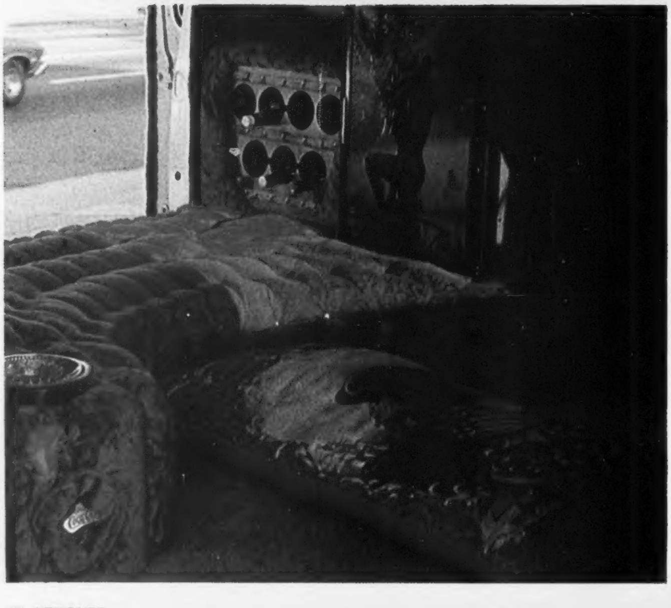
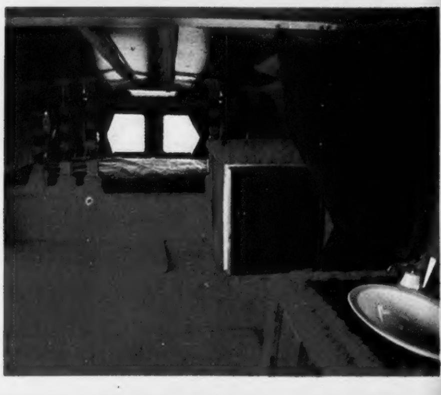


PHOTOGRAPH BY LUCIAN K. TRUSCOTT IV



PHOTOGRAPH BY CHUCK ISAACS

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHUCK ISAACS

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PHOTOGRAPH BY CHUCK ISAACS

California van, with magnesium wheels, proffers a joint. No one could miss the first time a van club breezes by, 20 brightly painted vans, chrome wheels flashing, CB antennas waving in the 70 miles per hour air. The first guy, the "wagonmaster," is running on the trucker's channel, and you heard him coming up behind you from about five miles back, checking up the line, talking with truckers heading east, asking if there are any cops (Smokey Bears) or radar traps (picture-takers) in our lane ahead. The last van, the "tail gunner," is on the same frequency, and occasionally he'll check in because somebody has dropped behind, or because a cop has been spotted on the back door, coming up from behind. Reach down for the channel knob on your CB, flip a few and you'll find the rest of the club chattering it up on one of the non-trucker channels, talking about their engines and beer supply, complaining about the heat, checking the range of the new "twin hustler" antennas just mounted on the side-view mirrors. When they spot you, loafing along in the right-hand lane, one of the vanners will break the club chatter long enough to say hello:

"Break. Ten. How 'bout that blue guy from that New York State. You gotcha ears on?"

"Ten-four. You got the Hudson River Catfish. Go ahead."

"Four-ten, guy. You got that old Coffee Cup outa that Memphis town comin' atcha. Where you headed?"

"We're goin' up to that Okie City tonight, guy. How 'bout it?"

"Ten-four there, Catfish. We be gettin' off that two-four exit, goin' up to those boonies for the weekend. Hope this weather holds, come on."

"Ten-four on the weather."

"How 'boutcha, Catfish ?"

"You gotim, go ahead."

"Four-ten there, Catfish. You have yourself a good truckin' trip now, guy. Keep that rubber side down and that tin box up, have a good day today and a better day tomorrow. You got that Memphis Coffee Cup. We goin' thisaway."

"Ten-four, Coffee Cup. We put the good numbers on ya. We westbound and down."

Within 25 miles, they've pulled ahead, an orderly bumper-to-bumper streak of chrome and gaudy slabsides, wide black tires and 70 mph CB babble. After a number of such occasions, I figured I was pretty close to the van culture. Not much is really said on the CB radio, and swapping stories at the gas pump doesn't go much further, but after several months driving around the country, what you get is a feeling, a sense of who vanners are and why the urge to buy a box on wheels and outfit it at the edges of the imagination both inside and out seems to be sweeping the country. The van is the hot rod of the 1970s, I thought. There is the same camaraderie among vanners that there was among those who stripped, lowered and grey-primered '49 Fords in the Fifties, or among the early owners of 1964 Pontiac GTOs, the dignified peel-out crowd. A van, I figured, is recession autoego.

Lucian Truscott is a free-lance writer who lives in New York when he isn't on the road.

Then, after 25,000 miles in one year, I made my way to L.A. to investigate the van culture at its roots. And I discovered just how far off base I really was.

Southern California is, of course, the cradle of autoculture. And, for reasons understood only by the true denizen, in the late 1960s attention turned to the van. Surfers, it is said, were the first to pick up used delivery trucks, to buy old mail trucks at auctions and, with lavish application of candy-pearl paint to the outside, with conservative trimming of the box skeleton in wood paneling and the parents' left-over burnt orange carpeting from the rec room, the once lowly van was transformed into Surfer Wagon, suitable for turning heads on the way over to the Redondo Beach pier. Which is, of course, what it is all about. Or is it?

Lean back on the plush sofa. Have a drink. We'll be there in a little while

In November of 1975, I found myself in the right front seat of Jerry Wesseling's "Old Glory," said to be the most famous van in all of Southern California. In L.A., this is like saying you're discussing poetry with Robert Lowell, or talking sports with Dick Young. Fame is not easily bestowed in a metropolitan area of over 11 million. I mean, there are folks in Beverly Hills driving one-of-a-kind custom Lamborghinis, Rolls that belonged to the Royal Family, and racing Porsches that took their classes at Le Mans. In L.A., everybody wants to be noticed. Self-image is as precious in L.A. as a good Martini is in N.Y. One's car is at least a third of one's identity, the other two-thirds residing in the housewithpoolandsaunaandjacuzzi, and one's wardrobe, which is faded blue denim.

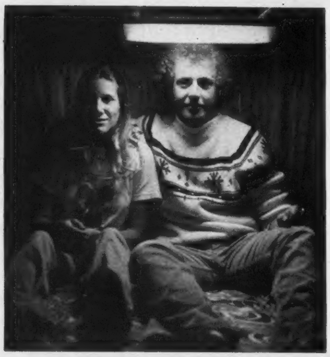
Still, the urge to be noticed is not, I believe, the explanation of the Southern California van phenomenon. Vans are virtually everywhere you look: There are 62 separate van clubs in L.A. alone, 92 in the state of California, hundreds of vans a month are sold by Dodge, Ford and Chevrolet dealers from one end of L.A. to the other, a van custom shop opens every other week to service the growing cult, upholsterers and paint shops are overwhelmed with business. The van represents something deep within the soul of the Southern Californian and, by extension, of the American of the Seventies: Southern Californians and Americans are increasingly insecure, and vans are cozy.

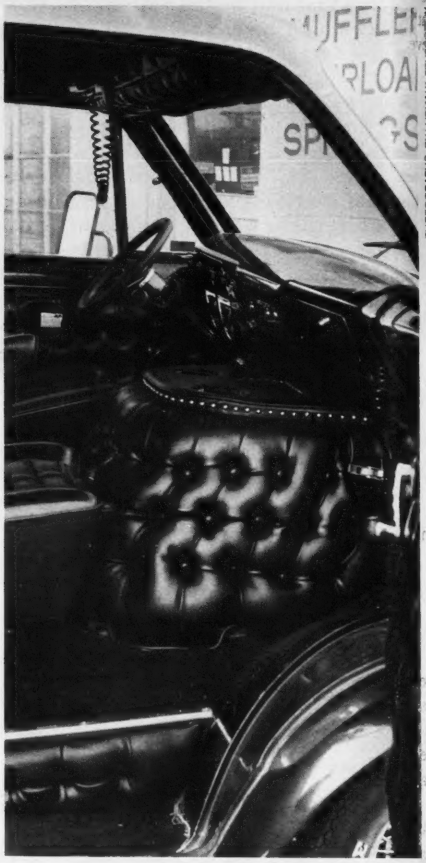
This thought struck me somewhere south of Whittier, California, while cruising on Interstate 605 at 65 mph. At the wheel was Jerry Wesseling, a tall, blond and balding autofreak with a past peppered with slot-car racing and so many different cars he has virtually lost count. At 25, Jerry Wesseling has achieved oneness with the world of the gasoline-powered vehicle.

"This van is my hobby. It is my business. It is my life," said Wesseling, peering through darkly tinted windows at the traffic ahead. Reaching to the padded console above his head for his CB mike, he checked the Smokey report for the short stretch of 605 we would drive on our way over to Southgate for a meeting of the Southern California Van Council, the governing body of the 62 van clubs in the area. Wesseling is part owner of Ye Van Shoppe, a van customizing and supply house on Whittier Boulevard in the town whence came our 37th president. His van is famous because he has made it famous. It is red, white and blue with stars in the classic flag theme, but, strangely, it does not smack of late Sixties easyriderism. Rather than an assault on the American Dream, Wesseling's "Old Glory" *is* the American Dream. "This is a patriotic van," said Wesseling as he showed me his hopped-up, chrome-plated 340-cubic-inch Dodge Duster engine and the padded, pleated, crushed velvet "pleasuredrome" interior. "It is everything I ever wanted in a car."

From inside an automobile on a normal highway, one can choose from two frames of reference. The first is the "inside" frame of reference, wherein one is stationary within the car. The classical physical example is a fly, buzzing around in the "dead" space within the driver's compartment. The second frame of reference is that of motion, of speed, when

Life on the road: One of the joys of vans, many owners will say, is to speed along the freeway, glance at the rear-view mirror and see one's own living room. Then, too, there's cruising the strip—a revival of the favorite pastime of the Fifties, with the plush van replacing the beat-up jalopy.





PHOTOGRAPHS BY LUCIAN K. TRUSCOTT IV

one looks outside the car and sees land going by at X mph. One does not feel motion inside the driver's compartment, but thrust a hand out the window and one immediately feels the force of the wind, indicative of the motion of the car.

In California, there is a third frame of reference: The relation of one's car to the surrounding cars. On Highway 605, Wesseling and I were *surrounded* by cars all traveling at 65 mph, three and four deep on a side, cars for as far as you could see ahead and behind. The astounding thing was the fact that the cars didn't move. Once in position on an L.A. freeway, a car seems fixed almost as if it were in a space on a parking lot. Thus, peering from the window at all the stationary cars around us had the effect of removing the second frame of reference, the sensation of motion, and of replacing it with the parking lot effect, the feeling that in Wesseling's van we were part of a larger whole, like riding a magic carpet or a moving walkway inside an airport. Removal of the sensation of speed—in order to sense motion one must look beyond the surrounding cars, strain past the pack to catch a glimpse of a building or a tree or a patch of ground, and watch it go by—adds to a general feeling of helplessness and insecurity. Wesseling, like other vanners I talked to, compensates for the parking lot effect by relaxing, by treating the inside of the van as if it were *not* in motion, as if it were *in fact* parked, rather than in effect parked. Thus the inside of the van becomes a literal living room as well as a figurative one. The ever-present bar, complete with cold beer, ice and mixed drinks, if you prefer, is actually used. If you have a TV, you watch it. If the TV isn't on, the stereo blares, removing the rushing noise of fast travel from the senses. Lean back on the plush sofa. Have a drink. Talk with the people seated just across the cocktail table in the swivel chairs. We'll be there in a little while. Forget that what we're really doing is traveling, and accept the reality that in L.A. travel is a third of life, that inside a van this third can be translated back to the living room at home, the stereo, the before-dinner drink, indirect lighting and smokeajoint scene.

"This van is my hobby. It is my business. It is my life"

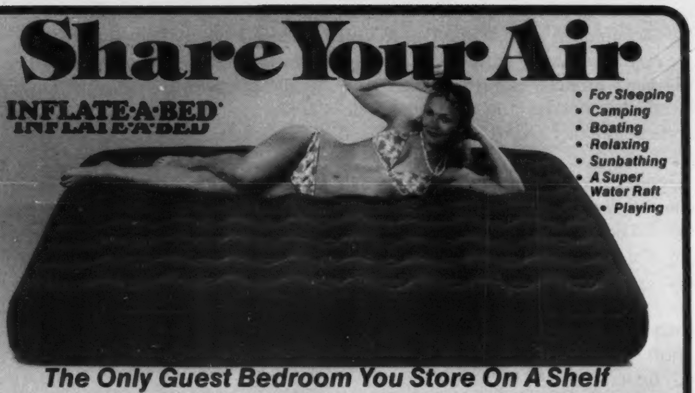
My van had always seemed to me part of a romantic vision of myself. Looking in the rear-view mirror and seeing my living room was like looking in the mirror and seeing myself as the owner of a railroad in his private car at the end of the train. But to Jerry Wesseling and the other vanners I talked to, looking in their rear-view mirrors at the homey scenes they created in the backs of their vans was looking at themselves as they really are. Their vans are intensely accurate (if narcissistic) portrayals of their own personalities. Wesseling did every lick of work on his van, from the tufted black Naugahyde driver's compartment—"It's black because it's all business up here and people will get it dirty"—to the red velvet and dark wood bed/couch/bar scene in back—"Strictly pleasure, for laying back and digging the sounds." He made all of his own furniture: bed, sofa, chairs, dressers. And yes, the van really looked like home, with maybe a few extras like the velvet, judged financially impractical at home but allowable in the van because everything in a van is miniaturized.

Do Wesseling and the others live in their vans? Not literally. Then what, exactly, are the vans used for if not for living? Wesseling: "Look, man, a van is not a recreational vehicle. These vans don't have showers and johns and most of them don't carry cooking equipment, except on runs. I use my van to get around. Back and forth to work, hanging out and cruising at night. The furthest I've ever been in my van was like about a seven-hour caravan we made on one of the runs."

Well, now, what we have is a kind of hybrid, a cross between a hot rod and a station wagon. In Southern California, the van is designed for life on the freeways, for runs to friends' houses, for cruising The Strip or Van Nuys Boulevard on Wednesday night, the scene to make for more than 40 years if one's life revolves around his wheels. Yet Wesseling's van, and those I saw up on The Strip one Wednesday night, seemed to me a departure from the old Southern California autofantasy lifestyle—low riders, channeled Ford roadsters, sports cars you have to shoehorn yourself into, fair-weather vehicles all. Wesseling's van appears radical, but only because of its paint job. The rest is functional: The flared wheel-wells house the wide-profile Mickey Thompson tires, a safety factor for the generally top-heavy vans. The hot 340 V-8 gives the van about the same performance as any standard size American car with stock equipment (my early Dodge lugs up steep hills behind its stock slant-6).

Eric Pierce, the editor of *RV—Van World* magazine, which claims a circulation of 150,000 after eight months, says vans are "intensely practical vehicles. The van is lighter than a standard car, it gets as good gas mileage and it's just as easy to work on. The mini-van will probably be the next thing you see—two-thirds the size of the current van, four-banger or V-6 engine, maybe mounted transverse with front-wheel drive, 25 miles per gallon. This concept will probably develop into a sport van, lower, less boxy, with some sort of sculpted styling and a laid-back windshield. The van is going to get closer and closer to becoming the station wagon of the 1980s, more of a family car."

The auto industry seems to agree. Ford recently opened a van body plant in Avon Lake, Ohio, and was relieved to discover that the spectacular climb in van sales has continued even during this sharp recession. Industry sales doubled to 350,000 between 1971 and 1975, and



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spokesmen hope they will hit 400,000 in the Bicentennial year. While Dodge vans are readily available, Ford and Chevrolet still can't produce enough to satisfy demand. It's not just an American phenomenon, either. Australia and England are both experiencing a van boom, and they make beautiful models which aren't currently available here.

The base price for a 1975 model van is under $4,000, and about $2,000 worth of factory options are available. Of course that's just the beginning, because when a vanner starts customizing his interior his stretched imagination is the only limit. So far, the big automakers have steered clear of the more exotic possibilities, but Eric Pierce is convinced that "within two years or so they'll be in the conversion business, offering specialized equipment as options. Right now the van is a workhorse vehicle that is being doctored into a passenger carrier. In two years, the equation will be turned around."

For the time being, there is a growing demand for professional van conversions. A converted van will typically have a fairly radical paint job complete with "bellyband" (the bright, offset color stripe around the middle of the van), a cassette stereo deck, paneling, carpeting, a convertible bed, icebox, bar and swivel high-backed seats for driver and passenger. It is possible today to walk into a major L.A. Ford, Chevrolet or Dodge showroom and buy a custom-converted van right off the floor. Or you can buy a raw van and take it to a custom conversion company. Four years ago in Southern California there were only 6 custom converters to choose from; now there are over 60. One of them, Wildwood, grossed about $2 million in 1975, up from $25,000 four years ago. Its partners have solved the problem of what to do with all that money by expanding to Michigan, a huge growth area for vans. In just over a year, the number of custom converters in Michigan went from 3 to 30.

But custom conversion isn't just a business. It's an art, too, and Stu Stewart is an artist, the Andy Warhol of the van business. Years ago he was a car customizer, then he worked for a recreational vehicle company, and three years ago he formed his own company to do custom van conversions for individuals and dealers. His design for speaker enclosures and a roof console that will hold a CB radio or tape deck has become a van classic. His stubby Volks van, a full three feet shorter than stock after radical wheel-base and body shortening, is an example of the kind of work he will do if someone has got the time and money. "When I drive that little Volks van," Stewart explains, "it's like being a celebrity for a moment. That's what most people are looking for in their vans. Recognition. People want to be noticed."

Stewart splits his business about half and half between individuals and dealers, and says the van scene has gone beyond the cultish stage and has reached firmly into the middle class. "Three years ago the average age of the guy who wanted his van converted was between 28 and 32. Now we've got people 35, 40, 50 years old coming in here wanting a hot van. Couples, with kids. Last year I did a van for a 70-year-old woman. She wanted the works. She came in with her son, who was in his 40s, and he kept trying to tone things down. So she pulls me aside and whispers that she'll come by later for the fancy paint, and sure enough, about six months ago she came in without her son for the paint job. Last I heard she was off traveling all over the country, a regular nomad. For the younger person, a van is a possession showpiece, an identity thing, but for the older couples they're like a step up, like a Cadillac crossed with a motor home, packed with everything they've ever dreamed of. This van craze is the biggest thing you've ever seen. The people down at Delamo Dodge tell me that people will hock their homes, their kids, their wives, they'll do anything to get a van. And you know something? Very few of them are ever repossessed. Somehow they keep making the payments, so they can have that van to drive around in, to show off."

"People will hock their homes, their kids, their wives, they'll do anything to get a van. And you know what? Very few of them are ever repossessed"

Stewart took me through his shop. Three vans were being converted at once. On one van a fiberglass spoiler and wheel flares were being attached and painted. On another, Skilsaws whirred and glue flew as paneling and a special mirrored bar were fitted into place. On the third, two employees cut and fitted carpeting to the kick-panels of the van's doors. "See this big sunroof," Stewart said, holding up a huge piece of smoked plastic with an aluminum frame. "I'm modifying my ceiling console like this"—he held up a mechanical drawing—"to accept the sunroof so the radio and the directional aircraft lights will go up front, and the rest of the console will just mate in here at the other side of the sunroof. I thought of this last Saturday. I'm here by myself on Saturdays. I just sit here and think.

"A lot of people come in here and they know they want a converted van, but they don't know how they want it to look," Stewart explained, his feet resting on a desk cluttered with drawings and scraps of material. "If I talk to them and have a drink with them, I can tell what they want in terms of interior and color. If I walk into a guy's house, I can get it right down *exact*. I had one big guy come in here and he said, 'I know what I want, but I can't put it in words and I can't draw it.' I talked to him for a while, and several days later, when his van came back from the paint shop and it was all finished, I called him over, and when he saw that van he had tears running right down his cheeks. I tell you, this is a satisfying business."

And it seems the Ethic of Cozy, the thing that begot the van craze, has spread beyond the largely white-middle-class boundaries which have thus far contained it. Recently a couple of big-time downtown L.A. pimps came in to see Stewart about converting a matching pair of Dodge maxi-vans (a stretched version of the standard Dodge van). It seems they had each bought a ski-boat and wanted the vans as combo-pimpmobile-camper-boat-pullers. So in they walked, swathed in crushed velvet and multi-hued patchwork Levis, in the company of several amply endowed ladies of the night. Each of the pimps had enough diamonds on one hand to pay for a half-dozen converted maxi-vans. Out came the swatches of Naugahyde and carpeting and velvet with which the interior would be color-coordinated. The pimps made their choices. Both opted for a design arrangement that combined the best aspects of bar and brothel: a convertible sofa-bed across the back doors of the van, a bar/sink/icebox arrangement along one side, high-backed swivel chairs facing forward, high/backed swivel chairs in the driver's compartment that are able to face backward, with a round, mirrored cocktail table in the middle. And wall-to-wall mirrors, ceiling included. When Stewart finished, they would both be out somewhere in the vicinity of $13,000. They paid in cash. ●

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHUCK ISAACS

PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF HOT ROD MAGAZINE

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PHOTOGRAPH BY CHUCK ISAACS

Exteriors: The side panels of vans, as you can see here, are perfect for mobile murals. Doll up every other surface with alpha jewel paint jobs, add scoop fronts, spoilers and flares, and you really have something to show off. Van addicts do just that at "truck-ins," the 20th-century's answer to the wagon train. The next show, modestly named Vantastic, is scheduled for March 18 through 21 in Commerce, California, the heart of the West Coast van country. There will be over 200 display vans, 40,000 fans and, if promoters have their way, the largest "truck-in" in the world: a three-mile long caravan of over 600 vans. "We're gonna break the *Guinness Book of World Records,*" one booster promises, "whatever it is."

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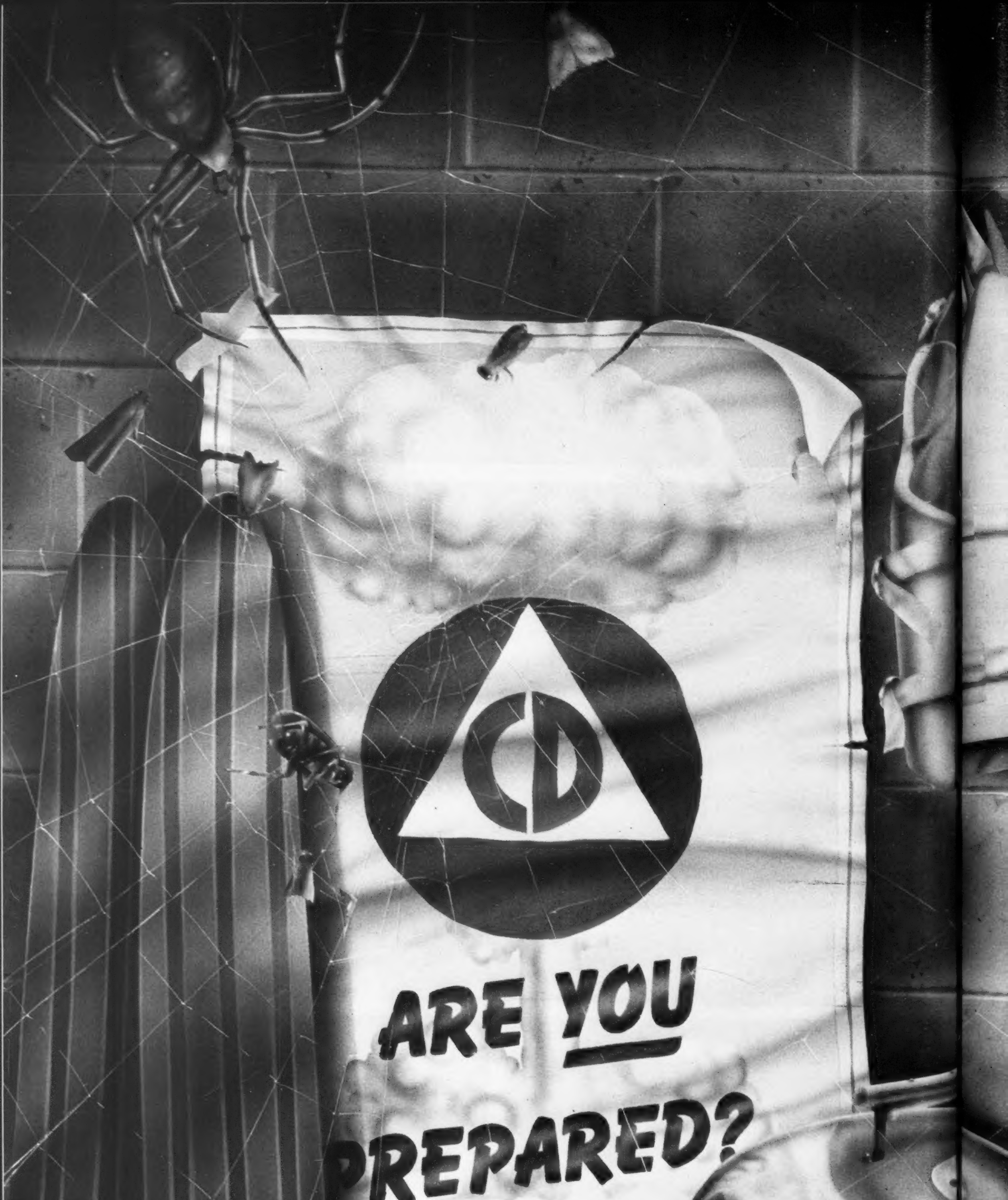
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ILLUSTRATION BY DICKRAN PALULIAN

In the early Sixties, debate raged whether letting the neighbors share your fallout shelter was the moral imperative. Now the shelters are little more than rotting relics

GIMME SHELTER

By Sonny Kleinfield

Nathaniel Hess is not terribly concerned that an atomic bomb will fall on his house. He knows that there are nuclear weapons in existence, a number of them in the grasp of people not likely to be kindly disposed toward Nathaniel Hess. But he thinks the chances rather remote that he'll be seeing a white mushroom sprouting up above his roof. At one time, Hess did fret about bombs blowing his family and him to smithereens. To contain his fears, he did what seemed the logical thing. He had a bomb shelter built—a 15-by-15 poured-concrete habitation sunk a half-level below the basement in his Sands Point, Long Island, home. It was spacious enough to hold his wife and four children, and perhaps a few neighbors. This was in the early 1950s, when it seemed reasonable that a Russian bomber lurked behind every cloud. "In those dark days, everyone was worried about a world conflict," recalls Hess, who is now 68 and in the landscaping business. "No one could tell. Any night could be *The Night.*"

Hess visits his shelter often nowadays, as much as once a week, to fetch wine. The shelter is a wine cellar. After he realized he was a little hasty in prophesying that the world was doomed, Hess was anxious to wring some value out of the thing. It was cool down there. It was the ideal size, if uncommonly detentive for not especially valuable spirits. Dozens of bottles now balance on metal racks or squat in crates crowding the floor, mostly good French and Israeli wines. Hess does not foresee the day he will ever inhabit the fallout shelter. "Who thinks about bombs now?" he says wistfully. "Playwrights maybe. To my mind, there seems little likelihood of any kind of nuclear war. If there is, though, a person can survive nicely on bottles of wine. He might be awfully happy, of course."

In the late 1950s and early 1960s, a parade of sobering events—the Berlin crisis, the Lebanon crisis, the Soviet testing of a 50-megaton nuclear weapon, the Cuban missile crisis—exacerbated the fears of a bomb-panicky America. The dropping of a nuclear weapon seemed almost a foregone conclusion. The question was not when the big explosion would take place but where to hide once it did. An infectious bomb-shelter fever, which had the effect of raising a concrete cavern to the level of a virtual status symbol, suddenly burst upon the country. Tens of thousands of Americans eventually dug up their basements and back yards. Others chose prefabricated units fobbed off on them by a flourishing new industry. Farmers saw fit to build shelters for their cows. Families and entire towns banded together to create community shelters. People grew astonishingly possessive of their holes in the ground. A few of them planted machine guns in the doorways so that when The Bomb came the shelterless could be mowed down in effective, if inhospitable, fashion. One fellow advertised a do-it-yourself mail-order kit for $4.75. It consisted of a crowbar and instructions on how to pry up a manhole cover.

In time, people grew dispirited waiting for Doomsday. They were ready, but what a drag whiling away the time, watching one's survival crackers go stale, and no bomb.The Cold War thawed. People regained the serenity that they were likely to see social security. Fear departed. The shelter craze was over. Nobody thinks much about nuclear warfare anymore in great seriousness, and nobody digs up his back yard except to put in a swimming pool. But left over from the imminent-annihilation days are the cement-block reminders of a bomb-numbed world. What came of them? Are they still there? Is the dehydrated food still good, and did anybody accidentally fall asleep in any of them?

"Does anybody worry about bombs? I worry about my garden hose freezing. I'm glad I've got the shelter to keep it in"

Nobody added up the number of shelters sold or built during the nervous period. People at the Defense Civil Preparedness Office in Washington say the figure 200,000 is as likely as any. However many shelters were built then, virtually none has been built since. Public shelter space has not expanded much either. Officials estimate that effective space in public fallout areas exists for about half the population, no more than existed five years ago, and not much more than existed a decade ago. "It's quite true that the nuclear fallout side of the agency has sort of hit a big brick wall," a civil defense official says.

The problem is that old bugaboo—money. The office's budget for the current fiscal year is $82 million, a level it has been at for five years. At its height, during fiscal 1962, the budget exceeded $256 million. Government supplies of food, water and medicine for shelters were long ago depleted, and there is no money to buy more. These supplies, including 135 million pounds of food, were guaranteed to last five years, and expected to last much longer. In warmer cli-

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mates, however, the water drums are starting to leak and the ration biscuits are turning rancid. Perhaps unwittingly, the State Department a number of years ago shipped some biscuits to the Pakistani government as part of a disaster relief package. The biscuits were rancid. The Pakistanis, nevertheless, were delighted. It seems a national habit involves dipping rancid yak butter in tea, a habit just as easily applied to the biscuits, or so says a civil defense man.

Because Americans do not take their biscuits rancid, and because shelter space is in short supply, the civil defense office readily admits that the current state of preparedness against nuclear attack is hardly what it should be, hardly what the situation is in the Soviet Union, which is believed to blow more than $500 million a year on civil defense. In a blunt assessment, the office has said that America's civil defense could withstand the full test of adequacy only under one condition—the condition that nuclear war does not occur. Not obliged to keep track of shelters, civil defense people are unsure what became of those built a decade ago. On the one hand, they gamely hope that they are still maintained as bomb shelters. On the other hand, they sort of doubt that they are.

On October 13, 1960, the day after Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev rapped his shoe on the table at the United Nations, James Hamilton and four neighbors on a serene Commack, Long Island, street decided to pool their skills and build a 40-foot-long shelter in the Hamilton back yard that would guarantee safety for all five families in the event of warfare. Hamilton and company worked doggedly on the project with a sense of divine mission. For more than a year, someone or other labored away on it nearly every day, with the work often proceeding into the early hours of the morning. Once completed, at a cost of $1,000, the shelter was stocked with a stupendous array of supplies.

Today, all five families have moved elsewhere. The last to leave were the Hamiltons, who now reside in Florida. Up until their recent departure, the Hamiltons used the shelter as a room for entertaining friends. No one, it seems, was particularly struck by the irony of partying in a domain meant to protect against nuclear destruction. The last big bash was a bang-up Halloween affair thrown several years ago by their daughter Bonnie. Everybody had a good time.

The present owners of the Hamilton house have sealed off the shelter, and intend ultimately to remove the thing. It gives them the creeps. Squatting in their back yard, half aboveground, the shelter seems to be dozing in another century. The owners aren't anxious to have it known that they have it. They fear it will be overrun by tourists, bemused by a relic of a bygone time. "It was a fool idea to begin with," says one of the owners. "Now, I've got myself a white elephant buried in my yard."

Theodore Rimbach did not pay anything for his shelter. A pollution control engineer in the St. Louis suburb of Webster Groves, Rimbach and his family were one of 70 households across the country chosen by civil defense people to receive a demonstration fallout shelter. The catch was that the families would have to allow others, at their whim, to come look at their model. It was hoped by civil defense people that the Rimbach shelter would be a precursor of countless others. The others, as it happened, could be counted. There were perhaps five.

The eight-by-ten hivelike little shelter, assembled in the Rimbach basement, was austerely furnished with six bunks, enough to hold the two adults and four children. With six people in the bunker, one would hope the nuclear war would be a very expeditious one.

The bunks are still there, but the mattresses lost the war to mildew years ago. The four children have grown up and moved out, and with the pulsations gone from their lives, the Rimbachs feel less motivation to keep the shelter functional. Since they live in the heart of tornado country, they keep it as a hiding place against twisters. Indeed, the shelter received its only real use during a 1967 tornado alert, when the six Rimbachs spent a cozy three-hour vigil in it. It was actually first put into service, Rimbach sheepishly admits, a few months after its installation, when one of the daughters threw a slumber party for her girlfriends. Soon the gossip and thumping music began to numb the senses. One of the younger sons happened into the basement, locked himself into the shelter and read a good book. He thought it wonderful—a soundproof sanctuary from cackling girls.

One might take the town of Glendo, Wyoming, an unprepossessing hamlet of 300 people not far from North Platte, as the paradigm of community spirit during the nail-biting days. With bombs on

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A staff reporter for The Wall Street Journal, *Sonny Kleinfield's last piece for* NEW TIMES was on Christmas alternatives.

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squat in crates crowding the floor, mostly good French and Israeli wines. Hess does not foresee the day he will ever inhabit the fallout shelter. "Who thinks about bombs now?" he says wistfully. "Playwrights maybe. To my mind, there seems little likelihood of any kind of nuclear war. If there is, though, a person can survive nicely on bottles of wine. He might be awfully happy, of course."

In the late 1950s and early 1960s, a parade of sobering events—the Berlin crisis, the Lebanon crisis, the Soviet testing of a 50-megaton nuclear weapon, the Cuban missile crisis—exacerbated the fears of a bomb-panicky America. The dropping of a nuclear weapon seemed almost a foregone conclusion. The question was not when the big explosion would take place but where to hide once it did. An infectious bomb-shelter fever, which had the effect of raising a concrete cavern to the level of a virtual status symbol, suddenly burst upon the country. Tens of thousands of Americans eventually dug up their basements and back yards. Others chose prefabricated units fobbed off on them by a flourishing new industry. Farmers saw fit to build shelters for their cows. Families and entire towns banded together to create community shelters. People grew astonishingly possessive of their holes in the ground. A few of them planted machine guns in the doorways so that when The Bomb came the shelterless could be mowed down in effective, if inhospitable, fashion. One fellow advertised a do-it-yourself mail-order kit for $4.75. It consisted of a crowbar and instructions on how to pry up a manhole cover.

In time, people grew dispirited waiting for Doomsday. They were ready, but what a drag whiling away the time, watching one's survival crackers go stale, and no bomb. The Cold War thawed. People regained the serenity that they were likely to see social security. Fear departed. The shelter craze was over. Nobody thinks much about nuclear warfare anymore in great seriousness, and nobody digs up his back yard except to put in a swimming pool. But left over from the imminent-annihilation days are the cement-block reminders of a bomb-numbed world. What came of them? Are they still there? Is the dehydrated food still good, and did anybody accidentally fall asleep in any of them?

"Does anybody worry about bombs? I worry about my garden hose freezing. I'm glad I've got the shelter to keep it in"

Nobody added up the number of shelters sold or built during the nervous period. People at the Defense Civil Preparedness Office in Washington say the figure 200,000 is as likely as any. However many shelters were built then, virtually none has been built since. Public shelter space has not expanded much either. Officials estimate that effective space in public fallout areas exists for about half the population, no more than existed five years ago, and not much more than existed a decade ago. "It's quite true that the nuclear fallout side of the agency has sort of hit a big brick wall," a civil defense official says.

The problem is that old bugaboo—money. The office's budget for the current fiscal year is $82 million, a level it has been at for five years. At its height, during fiscal 1962, the budget exceeded $256 million. Government supplies of food, water and medicine for shelters were long ago depleted, and there is no money to buy more. These supplies, including 135 million pounds of food, were guaranteed to last five years, and expected to last much longer. In warmer cli-

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mates, however, the water drums are starting to leak and the ration biscuits are turning rancid. Perhaps unwittingly, the State Department a number of years ago shipped some biscuits to the Pakistani government as part of a disaster relief package. The biscuits were rancid. The Pakistanis, nevertheless, were delighted. It seems a national habit involves dipping rancid yak butter in tea, a habit just as easily applied to the biscuits, or so says a civil defense man.

Because Americans do not take their biscuits rancid, and because shelter space is in short supply, the civil defense office readily admits that the current state of preparedness against nuclear attack is hardly what it should be, hardly what the situation is in the Soviet Union, which is believed to blow more than $500 million a year on civil defense. In a blunt assessment, the office has said that America's civil defense could withstand the full test of adequacy only under one condition—the condition that nuclear war does not occur. Not obliged to keep track of shelters, civil defense people are unsure what became of those built a decade ago. On the one hand, they gamely hope that they are still maintained as bomb shelters. On the other hand, they sort of doubt that they are.

On October 13, 1960, the day after Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev rapped his shoe on the table at the United Nations, James Hamilton and four neighbors on a serene Commack, Long Island, street decided to pool their skills and build a 40-foot-long shelter in the Hamilton back yard that would guarantee safety for all five families in the event of warfare. Hamilton and company worked doggedly on the project with a sense of divine mission. For more than a year, someone or other labored away on it nearly every day, with the work often proceeding into the early hours of the morning. Once completed, at a cost of $1,000, the shelter was stocked with a stupendous array of supplies.

Today, all five families have moved elsewhere. The last to leave were the Hamiltons, who now reside in Florida. Up until their recent departure, the Hamiltons used the shelter as a room for entertaining friends. No one, it seems, was particularly struck by the irony of partying in a domain meant to protect against nuclear destruction. The last big bash was a bang-up Halloween affair thrown several years ago by their daughter Bonnie. Everybody had a good time.

The present owners of the Hamilton house have sealed off the shelter, and intend ultimately to remove the thing. It gives them the creeps. Squatting in their back yard, half aboveground, the shelter seems to be dozing in another century. The owners aren't anxious to have it known that they have it. They fear it will be overrun by tourists, bemused by a relic of a bygone time. "It was a fool idea to begin with," says one of the owners. "Now, I've got myself a white elephant buried in my yard."

Theodore Rimbach did not pay anything for his shelter. A pollution control engineer in the St. Louis suburb of Webster Groves, Rimbach and his family were one of 70 households across the country chosen by civil defense people to receive a demonstration fallout shelter. The catch was that the families would have to allow others, at their whim, to come look at their model. It was hoped by civil defense people that the Rimbach shelter would be a precursor of countless others. The others, as it happened, could be counted. There were perhaps five.

The eight-by-ten hivelike little shelter, assembled in the Rimbach basement, was austerely furnished with six bunks, enough to hold the two adults and four children. With six people in the bunker, one would hope the nuclear war would be a very expeditious one.

The bunks are still there, but the mattresses lost the war to mildew years ago. The four children have grown up and moved out, and with the pulsations gone from their lives, the Rimbachs feel less motivation to keep the shelter functional. Since they live in the heart of tornado country, they keep it as a hiding place against twisters. Indeed, the shelter received its only real use during a 1967 tornado alert, when the six Rimbachs spent a cozy three-hour vigil in it. It was actually first put into service, Rimbach sheepishly admits, a few months after its installation, when one of the daughters threw a slumber party for her girlfriends. Soon the gossip and thumping music began to numb the senses. One of the younger sons happened into the basement, locked himself into the shelter and read a good book. He thought it wonderful—a soundproof sanctuary from cackling girls.

One might take the town of Glendo, Wyoming, an unprepossessing hamlet of 300 people not far from North Platte, as the paradigm of community spirit during the nail-biting days. With bombs on

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A staff reporter for The Wall Street Journal, *Sonny Kleinfield's last piece for* NEW TIMES was on Christmas alternatives.

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the horizon, certain long-dormant municipalities suddenly shook themselves into wakefulness and emerged into the light with hands outstretched to help. Glendo was one of them. In early 1961, townsfolk rustled together $4,000 and bought themselves a sizable abandoned potato cellar on the outskirts of town. It was completely underground, with the exception of a mound of earth 15 feet high, within which was the entranceway. Back in the 1940s, potatoes were quite an item in Glendo. Then a dam was built, and the lake shaped by it flooded much of the acreage where the spuds were harvested, leaving the cellar without a function. After equipping the newly acquired cellar with bunks and emergency goods, the town transformed it into a bomb shelter large enough to house all of Glendo, a community capable of creating the world anew in the event of holocaust. How invigorating a thought this is depends largely on what one thinks of a world peopled by the townsfolk of Glendo, Wyoming.

For four years, the shelter was kept ready for an alert. People then lost the spirit, and the weather began to take its toll on the cellar. The timber that supported it began to rot. The walls gave every indication that they would collapse. "Back when we bought the thing, I'd say we were all pretty much scared to death," recalls Betty Amick, Glendo's mayor. "But then we didn't hear any more talk of big bombs. So we went back to worrying about other things, like putting food on the dinner table." Finally, about a year and a half ago, the Wyoming National Guard, of all people, sent their troops over from nearby Wheatland on a weekend training session. In the course of it, they knocked the shelter down. It was presumably good practice for the Guard, since one can never be certain when, in the midst of a national emergency, it would be necessary for our men to level a bomb shelter.

If more exorbitant shelters than Patrick Marotta's were built, there certainly weren't many of them. A prosperous Boonton Township, New Jersey, industrialist, head of his own company—the Marotta Valve Company—Marotta had an 80-by-30 shelter incorporated in the basement of his 12-room house when it was built in early 1961. It was basically one big room, with a capacity of 96 people, and cost roughly $50,000. The idea was to house just about the entire manufacturing force of Marotta Valve, thus pretty much insuring Marotta a monopoly on the valve business in the postwar world. Marotta presumably gave little thought to the immediate utility of valves in a leveled world.

For eight years, the shelter was kept stocked with emergency rations, but finally the supplies were donated to a local hospital. In 1972, Patrick Marotta retired, moved off to a shelterless home in California and sold the old house to his company, now known as Marotta Scientific Controls. The business intended to convert the house into offices. The shelter was transformed into a warehouse. Though the original bunk beds are still in place, as are such items as checker games intended to help while away the long cave nights, the shelter is principally cluttered with cardboard boxes stuffed with valve parts, microfilm, IBM cards and household junk: a barbecue, a bow and arrow, life jackets, water skis, an old clock, two tires.

As it turned out, the offices were never constructed. Marotta Scientific five months ago placed the house on the market, though it is finding that the shelter is presenting a drawback in unloading the costly home. "There aren't too many uses for a bomb shelter today," says Thomas Marotta, Patrick's son and vice-president of the company. "People really get turned off by it." Marotta suggests that prospective buyers might consider transforming the thing into a gymnasium, if they are able to work around the fact that the shelter has a concrete door weighing a ton and a half.

Paranoia is not dead. Kellner still stocks his shelter. "Boy, am I glad I got one," he says. "The world could go kabloom any day"

David Marvin possesses one of the more lunatic embodiments of the bomb-shelter age. Marvin is a New Canaan, Connecticut, attorney. Mortified at the thought of war in late 1961, he bought a steel freight car. The car had been retired by the New York Central Railroad. Marvin bought it from a scrap depot in Albany for $500. He paid another $500 to have it transported on a flat car and then trucked to New Canaan. The car was 40 feet long, 10 feet high and 9½ feet wide. Marvin sank it into an excavation deep enough to allow for a concrete roof and five feet of fill. Suitable emergency utilities were installed.

After realizing that nuclear warfare was no longer likely, Marvin chose to use the shelter to keep his garden hose protected from the cold winter weather. Nothing else is kept there, just the garden hose. In the summer, the shelter sits idle. Someone else, somewhere else, might think this a waste. Marvin is a trifle touchy on the matter. A storage area for a garden hose in winter seems to his mind both a logical and justifiable destiny for a $1,000 boxcar bomb shelter. He is somewhat amazed that anyone would even think to wonder: Well, what is done with the thing in the summer?

"Do I worry about nuclear bombs today?" Marvin says, his voice edgy. "What's the matter with you? What do you mean, do I worry about bombs? Does anyone in his right mind worry about bombs? I worry about my garden hose freezing. That's what I worry about. I'm glad I've got the thing to keep the hose in."

Paranoia is not entirely dead. There are still people who maintain their bomb shelters as just that—bomb shelters. One of these people is Hugo Kellner, who lives in Caledonia, New York. Kellner is a German. He is a physical chemist. He is a true eccentric. During the Berlin crisis, Kellner contracted for a $24,000 four-bedroom fallout shelter to adjoin his house. Quite a few people, one imagines, would be very happy to move into it and not come out. Kellner certainly needed the space; at the time, his family encompassed nine children.

With a demonic persistence lasting to this day, Kellner stocks and restocks the shelter every few years with a copious supply of food. Kellner will always go for the safe route. And when it is foolish to go for the safe route, he will be foolish. Perfectly aware that a lot of shelterless people would be anxious for a bunk in one of his bedrooms should the holocaust come, Kellner has seen fit to boobytrap the entrance against infiltration. "I won't say how it's boobytrapped," he says. "I'm a physical chemist. That tells you something. But I advise you. It would be a little bit dangerous if you try to break in here, if you know what I mean."

Exactly how seriously does Kellner take the threat of nuclear warfare? "I am totally convinced that in a very short time there will be a nuclear confrontation. No doubt in my mind. There is more need now for a shelter than ever before. Boy, am I glad I got one. You better get digging. I've got no room for you. The world, it could go kabloom any day. Let me check my shelter now."●

Movies

Great pretender, true king or some such

By Richard Corliss

The final image of *The Hindenburg*—the multimillion-dollar balloon exploding from too much inert gas and crumbling into a skeleton of charred debris—stands as an apt metaphor for too many of this Christmas' big-budget movies. Something like $40 million has been lavished on just three of the season's beached whales: *The Hindenburg, Lucky Lady, Barry Lyndon.* At the tail end of a recession year, such profligacy is almost un-American. Why, with $40 million Abe Beame could rehire upwards of 20 sanitation workers. More to the point, a score of talented but unemployed young filmmakers could get back to work revitalizing the American commercial cinema.

Once, Stanley Kubrick was seen as Hollywood's great white hope—largely on the strength of an intelligent thriller (*The Killing*) and a hysterical-satirical antimilitary film (*Paths of Glory*). Instead, Kubrick moved to England and, with Peter Sellers, made a pair of deft if erratic comedies: *Lolita* and *Dr. Strangelove.* Since then, each new Kubrick production has been four years in the making and, upon arrival, heralded less as a film than as some psychosocial event. Mass-magazine cover stories are the norm, as is the kind of aesthetic-theological analysis usually reserved for Ingmar Bergman and Charles M. Schulz. But *Barry Lyndon* (adapted from William Makepeace Thackeray's 1844 novel) may make life difficult for the exegetes, for Kubrick has done something really daring: He's made a movie that must be taken, or rejected, as a movie and not as a radical critique of teleology (*2001*) or behavioral sadism (*A Clockwork Orange*). To appreciate *this* film, the only drug you need to take is NoDoz.

Thackeray is best known, to high-school English teachers and *Masterplots* readers alike, as the author of *Vanity Fair: A Novel without a Hero.* In a way, Barry Lyndon is a male Becky Sharp, but without the charm; and *The Memoirs of Barry Lyndon, Esq.* might be retitled *Vanity Foul: A Novel Antihero.* Barry is an 18th-century rakehell and reprobate who sees himself, in the gilded mirror of his ego, as "a martyr to the rascality of others and a victim of my own generous and confiding temper"—a bit of first-person hypocrisy that will remain unchallenged in literature until publication of *The Autobiography of Richard Nixon.* A despoiler of women, a cheater at cards, a brutal bully, a snob and a coxcomb, Barry lacks even that wry self-awareness that saves Harry Flashman, George MacDonald Fraser's parody of a picaresque hero. How in the world could such a character be made attractive, or at least interesting, to the 10 or 12 million moviegoers who must see *Barry Lyndon* for the film to recoup its investment?

Beginning with this column, Richard Corliss will regularly review movies for NEW TIMES. *He is the editor of* Film Comment.

Ryan O'Neal in *Barry Lyndon:* Kubrick expended four years and $11 million on a series of illustrations.

Kubrick "solved" this problem by making, in effect, two films: the first about the rise of an ingratiating and, for all his sins, innocent scoundrel; the second about the fall of a detestable villain. But there's no connection between Redmond Barry (the fond young Irishman) and Barry Lyndon (the aristocratic name he assumes upon wedding the widow of a British peer). Something terrible—we never learn what—must have happened to Barry during the film's 15-minute intermission. And something fatal happens to *Barry Lyndon* in its second half: Barry (as played by Ryan O'Neal) becomes a very tiresome monster. Kubrick is not a naturally gifted, silk-purse filmmaker, like Welles or Truffaut; he stands or falls with his material, as *Barry Lyndon* does with the fortunes of its protagonist.

Hollywood was onto something when, more than 40 years ago, it titled a Garbo film *Susan Lennox: Her Fall and Rise.* The old moguls knew that viewers would rather see redemption than retribution, a slam-bang ending instead of a dissipated whimper. Traditionally, the parabola is an unsatisfying dramatic shape for movies, but that's the arc that *Barry Lyndon* describes. Having achieved his dreams of money and position, Barry must be proved unworthy of them. The adventurer who had convinced us he was a Gaelic Richard the Lion-Hearted must be unmasked in the last reels as a hapless, humpless Richard III.

The first half of the movie—in which Redmond rises from the land-poor Irish gentry, through the English army, into the services of a Prussian captain and thence into comradeship with a bogus chevalier—is, for all its longueurs, almost as amiable as young Redmond himself. And the first major sequence, Redmond's aborted affair with his flirtatious older cousin, Nora, provides some genuine courtly comedy. It's the best thing in the film, primarily because of the mesmerizing piquancy Gay Hamilton brings to the role of Nora. But her very charm throws Kubrick's funereal rhythm off; she's almost the only living thing in this Victoria and Albert Museum of a movie. I kept waiting for Barry to give up his wenching and return to his first fickle love. But no: Decline he must, for a greater New Cinema. On we are led through the fifth, sixth, seventh circles of ennui, though dalliances and debauches, thrashings and humiliations—until we hear faintly, under the Handel and Vivaldi, the disapproving click of the director's tongue.

There's a ferocious, puritanical morality at work here. However muted the film's color scheme may be (mostly greens and browns, as in a Constable landscape), morally the characters are as black and white as any in a D.W. Griffith silent epic—except for Barry, who's white, then black. But you can't recapture the voiceless innocence of the early films, no matter how grand your battle scenes (and Kubrick takes care that *Barry Lyndon*'s cavalry charge is a study in suicidal foolishness). Nor is the romantic voluptuousness of *Gone With the Wind* a workable model for Kubrick, no matter how many plot points the two source-novels have in common. Barry is as stubborn as Scarlett O'Hara, but not nearly so tough: He loses the mate he had schemed so carefully to win, but through animal boorishness not human folly. His son, the only positive bond between Barry and his wife (even as *their* daughter kept Scarlett and Rhett together), dies in the wake of a riding accident, but Kubrick's scrupulous anti-romanticism prevents this family tragedy from earning an audience's emotional response. The director has used so many stilted tableaux to distance us from the material that, by the time Barry and Lady Lyndon produce hot tears for their son's deathbed scene, we worry only that these wax figures will cake. You can't call back to life characters who have never existed.

There's no "air" in a Kubrick film. Watching one, I often feel corseted and cattle-prodded, waiting to be taught something, like Alex in *A Clockwork Orange*. Indeed, there's a bit of the soulless social scientist in Kubrick: Everything is planned, this is all for your own good. . . . His two major stylistic shticks—the camera either pulling slowly back from a close-up to reveal its characters as small creatures in the willful world of nature, or else waiting in the distance while the actors move toward it as if magnetized—both tend to trap the actors, and us, in a web of narrative predestination. At his worst, Kubrick makes clockwork films for robot moviegoers.

You won't find anything in these distancing effects—the undercutting narration, the understated acting, the undertaker's pacing—that hasn't been done in period movies before—and, more tellingly, by such masters of the minimal as Roberto Rossellini (*The Rise of Louis XIV*), Robert Bresson (*Lancelot of the Lake*) and Jean-Marie Straub (*The Chronicle of Anna Magdalena Bach*). What seems to impress *Barry Lyndon*'s defenders is that Kubrick has done it on $11 million of Warner Bros.' money. Similarly, one might admire Barry Manilow if, instead of composing a melodious jingle for McDonald's ("You deserve a break today"), he had instead convinced the ham-burghers to build their commercials around a piece of 12-tone music. But to make a value judgment out of this admiration seems to me to confuse intention with achievement, effort with effect, moxie with movie.

I must say that, seven years ago, the first time around with *2001* (before seeing the stroboscopic light), I admired Kubrick mainly for his salesman's savvy. At the time, I would have preferred to see a film of Kubrick's presentation to a pride of hard-nosed MGM front-office men instead of the $6-million movie he was allowed to make because of it. That would have been more dramatic. As it happened, their blind faith was rewarded; but I can't imagine the heads and trekkies who comprised *2001*'s most devoted audience making a cult object out of *Barry Lyndon*. In fact, I can't imagine anyone actually liking the movie. Watching it is like being kept after school to diagram sentences.

And so, an hour into the film, you're savoring those rare, uncontrollable, subversive elements that sneak into it. I'm thinking especially of a year-old child who steals a scene involving his German mother and the young Barry simply by staring solemnly at the woman (as she feeds him), at O'Neal (as the intruder moves toward the baby's mother) and at the camera (as the two adults kiss). Moments like this are among the most appealing the movies can give us, because they catch life—not so much in the raw as on the fly—rather than petrifying it in the style of a doctrinaire master builder like Kubrick.

Trapped in this edifice, Ryan O'Neal can make only about a third of his character work—the part closest to the actor's own engaging personality. O'Neal's forte, used to handsome effect in *Love Story* and *The Wild Rovers*, is his stare, which can be simultaneously dumb and omniscient, vulnerable and threatening. And though he's not a graceful actor (his linebacker's body a little too thick, his eyes too small, his voice too reedy), he can attract attention just by being on screen; it's what used to be called star quality, or sex appeal. The winsome-rogue aspect of Barry is perfect for O'Neal, and during the second hour of the film he acquits himself with honor. But early on, as a 15-year-old suitor for Nora's hand, he must too often gulp to prove his naiveté, too often blink his eyes to produce the dew of blind infatuation. And the grand emotions and petty rages expected of him toward the end of the film are simply outside his range. Good and Bad Barry might be two different characters; I wish Kubrick had been audacious enough to cast two different actors as Jekyll and Hyde. As it is, there's nothing O'Neal can do to make credible the tyrannical sot who pretends to the name Barry Lyndon.

A friend of mine who responded to the film still couldn't figure why Kubrick made it. Four years of manic, meticulous creative energy expended on what?—a series of illustrations for an obscure 19th-century novel. Aside from this waste of energy, there's nothing really objectionable about *Barry Lyndon*. In two or three years, when the film is shown on television, it will function admirably as a night light for those who care to catch up on their Thackeray. After that, the film will be interred along with *Cleopatra*, *Ryan's Daughter* and all those other overpriced specters who haunt the elephantiasis graveyard.

Few movies work for me if they don't have, however obliquely, a sense of humor, of proportion, of absurdity. Kubrick's last three monoliths suggest he has about as much humor as one of the Old Testament prophets—which he seems to believe he is, if not the subject of their prophecies. Myself, I'd like to see Kubrick regain that sense of humor by working again with his most valuable collaborator, Peter Sellers. Instead of a slapstick version of World War III, they might attempt a nostalgic political satire, say, on the 1964 campaign, with Sellers playing both presidential candidates. I've even got a title for them: *Barry/Lyndon*.

Barry Lyndon may be some critics' ideal of cinema; John Huston's *The Man Who Would Be King* is my idea of a movie. The Huston film is, yes, an $8.5-million period piece, and there are moments when it does wear its art on its gilded sleeve: Each spectacular panorama of the Moroccan desert is held perhaps a beat too long, as if to justify the expense to the accountants back home. But the largesse isn't opressive: It surrounds Huston's adaptation of the Kipling story, but doesn't smother it.

It all begins as a buddy-caper movie set in the India of the 1880s, as Danny (Sean Connery) and Peachy (Michael Caine) set off for remote Kafiristan—"from which no white man has ever returned"—in search of nothing more exalted than a few quick quid from gun-running and political double-crossing. But luck or destiny thrusts these two likable swindlers into an eminence that Redmond Barry would have sold his son for: The Kafiristani priests declare that Danny is the son of Alexander the Great, and thus their rightful monarch. Soon enough, the man who would be king finds that he *must* be king, and the crown proves heavier than the bayonet he once bore as a sergeant in Her Majesty's Army. You could say that Danny, the would-be king, personifies Barry's vaulting (and ultimately stumbling, plummeting) ambition, and that his pal, Peachy, is that sense of humor and proportion that Barry, and *Barry Lyndon,* fatally lacks.

The Huston film's sense of detail may not be as textbook-true as the Kubrick's, though it is ravishing and completely convincing. Huston's zoom shots may not call attention to themselves, though I find them more graceful than Kubrick's look-ma-no-pans acrobatics. And Huston, here as throughout his 35-year directorial career, may be set on entertaining rather than intimidating. But one wonders if parts of Huston, by sheer force of content, of tale to tell, will not outlast most of Kubrick's cobwebs. There is no substitute for narrative sense, no matter how many different and entrancing charms may be spread before us.

Actually, those last two sentences aren't mine, they're Ezra Pound's; and he wasn't writing about Kubrick and Huston, but about Henry James and Rudyard Kipling. I hope no one will presume to confuse James' amoral innocents with Kubrick's immoral *naif,* or the author's filigreed prose with the director's ponderous *mise-en-scène;* but Huston and Kipling might bear some comparison—if only because Kipling's patented weave of romantic outlook and realistic detail is the very stuff of the traditional Hollywood movie, which Huston both echoes and brilliantly revives in his adaptation of one of Kipling's best-known stories.

Kipling's reputation went into eclipse around the time of his death in 1936, after a half-century of the kind of popular esteem no one artist could win today. The literate caricature of Kipling was that of "the prophet of British Imperialism" (George Orwell's phrase), a blustering jingoist and blithering sentimentalist whose glorified English officer carried "the white man's burden" on one shoulder and a precariously balanced chip on the other. And yet this

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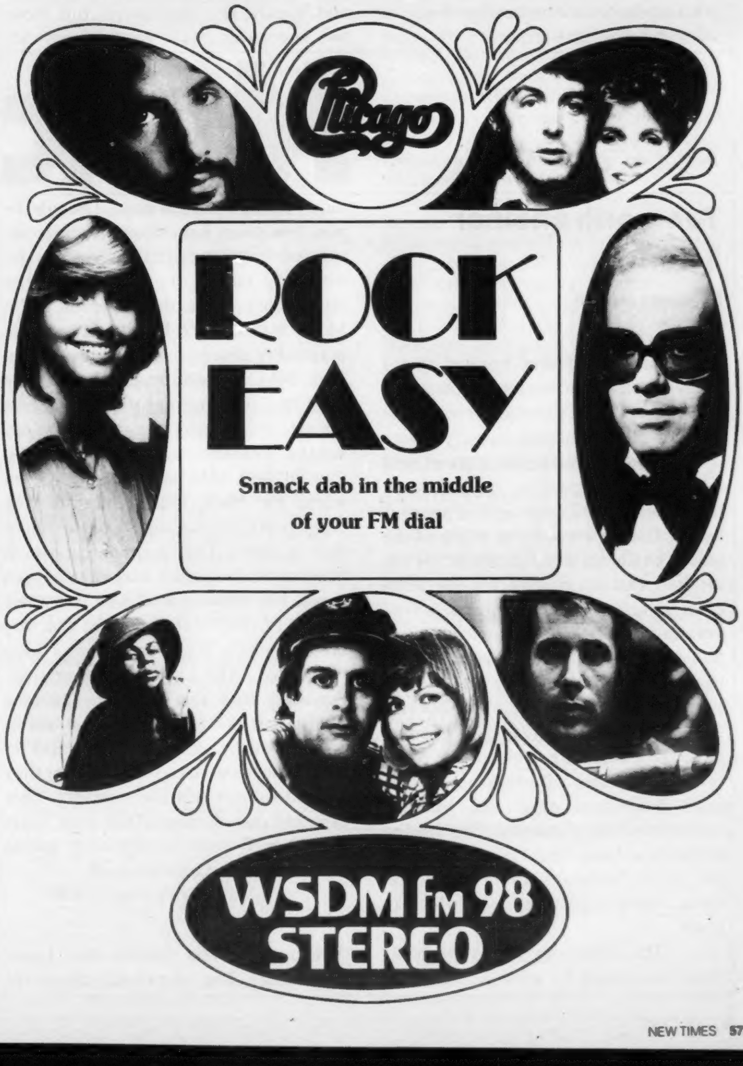

attitude is not so very far from that of the ordinary—or even extraordinary—Hollywood adventure movie, including those directed by Howard Hawks *(Only Angels Have Wings)* and Raoul Walsh *(They Died with Their Boots On)*. If Hawks and Walsh frequently "transcended" their genre, so did Kipling; the man was a damned good writer, and acknowledgment of that fact has forced a recent reevaluation of Kipling's work.

The meeting of Kipling and Huston turned out well for both men. Huston has defanged the writer's racism by stripping it of all malice,turning it into good-natured banter. And the story's brutality becomes free-swinging self-defense in the film—a rugby match to the death, in which the infidels have the home-court advantage. I admire Huston's discretion enormously; most contemporary directors would have been hard put to restrain themselves from editorializing around the edges of the film frame, just to let you know they don't really *believe* in the dear-departed spirit of heroic adventure.

In the past, Huston's sternest critics found his most famous films guilty of a sophomoric cynicism, with every quest (from *The Maltese Falcon* through *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre* to *Beat the Devil*) confounded by the slick venality of the adventurers. Now, in a movie era whose signal contributions to the national mood are snuff films and man-vs -shark blood sports, Huston has discovered innocence, and turned his old formula inside-out. The bitter laughter that crowns the ironic reversals of fortune in *Treasure* and *Beat the Devil* provokes, in *The Man Who Would Be King*, a "miraculous" avalanche. The gold that turned to lead or dust or paper is both more richly earned here and more honorably renounced. It's at the moment of Danny's ultimate defeat that he is most heroic; and after that, for the eternity of Peachy's defeat, that *he* has the greatest dignity.

Some 20 years ago, Huston had planned to make the film with Gable and Bogart; fate intervened. But those two superstars could hardly have outdone Connery and Caine, who play off each other with the easy assurance of professional athletes, running off a dozen intriguing variations on the polarities of idealism and realism, ego and superego, Quixote and Panza, Martin and Lewis. Huston could always direct actors; his first film, *The Maltese Falcon*, boasted a mastery of ensemble acting more impressive, in its way, than that of another 1941 debut, *Citizen Kane*.

The great surprise of *The Man Who Would Be King* is its life-embracing *élan*, worlds removed from *Falcon*'s misanthropic wit, but no less winning, and ultimately more serious. I find it exhilarating that, in his seventieth year, Huston should discover the resources needed to do justice to the 23-year-old Kipling. If I were king—or production chief at a major studio—I'd certainly include Huston on my list of "young filmmakers" worth a $2- or 3-million gamble. The kid's a comer; give him his money. And tell that Kubrick boy we'll call him if anything turns up.

Music

Ten worth another listen

By Janet Maslin

First of all, I've noticed that I always manage to introduce these annual flights of fancy with a nervous little "first of all," perhaps because drawing up a ten-best list makes one sound (and feel) like an imperious bag of wind. Nevertheless, 1975 was a good year for lists, if not for records; so many of the season's releases were excellent yet uninspired that no pair of top-ten autocrats is likely to agree about much. And yet this hasn't been a season for oddball favorites in music any more than it has been in movies; with sales down substantially from 1974's figures, both record companies and artists have been inclined to play it safe. Indeed, the year's few really quirky offerings have come from established stars. Joni Mitchell could never have released *The Hissing of Summer Lawns* (nor George Harrison his *Extra Texture*) without some previous commercial success on which to coast.

The following list is probably more interesting for what it doesn't include than for what it does. Though the past few years have marked the commercial breakthroughs of various female pop talents, they were all either hibernating or on the wane in 1975: Maria Muldaur and Phoebe Snow were noticeably absent; Linda Ronstadt and Joni Mitchell disappointing; Bonnie Raitt had yet to hit her stride. The best female soul singers—Gladys Knight, Aretha Franklin—released letdowns, too. In fact, this year has been even worse for black music than for any other genre, thanks largely to the blight that is disco. That formula, in which many of the best black acts have bogged down, has deteriorated into the worst sort of Instant Replay, a point that was driven home to me when I heard a disco version of "The Little Drummer Boy" the other day. The car radio sounded like it was picking up two stations at once—and the announcer, who had let his listeners call in to vote whether they wanted to hear this jive curiosity, later reported that all three of the "yes" votes had phoned back in mid-song asking him to take the damn thing off.

Anyway, here's what I like:

1. Blood On The Tracks, *Bob Dylan* (Columbia). The comeback album of this or any other year has as much of an emotional impact as a musical one. I'm the only person I know who is even more affected by Dylan's recent work than by his early records, probably because I'm more bewildered as an adult than I was rebellious as an adolescent. *Blood On The Tracks* is no better than Dylan's incendiary early songs, probably much less inspired, but it does speak directly and clearly to the pop audience that grew up with Dylan's music, an audience that was much more certain about things ten years ago than it is today. Pained, intimate, no longer strident, Dylan's singing is the album's most compelling aspect.

2. Still Crazy After All These Years, *Paul Simon* (Columbia). This and the Dylan are virtually a toss-up for me, and they appear in the above order only because *Blood On The Tracks'* agonized intensity makes it the traffic-stopper of the two. But Paul Simon's record is the one I listen to all the time; it's a far subtler and more intricate album, one that will age well because it gently elicits an audience's attention rather than demanding same. Paul Simon is hardly what you'd call underrated, but his music does have a way of going under-noticed on account of

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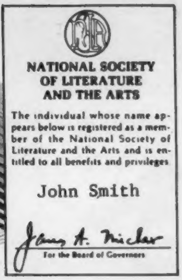
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BEE GEES
Millie Jackson
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PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE COOPER

Simon's inability and disinclination to spill his guts. Yet if Dylan's is a cathartic album, Simon's (which shares the subject of a disintegrating marriage) is just as surely a therapeutic one, less flashy but perhaps more realistic.

3. Katy Lied, *Steely Dan* (ABC-Dunhill). This progressive and extremely palatable jazz-rock combo has yet to attract the kind of attention it warrants; their fourth album, much of a piece with the previous three, features sinuous material with just the right touch of sleaze. As pretty as it is insidious.

4. The Basement Tapes, *Bob Dylan and The Band* (Columbia). This belated release of simple, witty and elusive 1967 material hardly fits onto a 1975 list at all; it's not comparable to anything else here, least of all to the Dylan album. A must for anyone's archives and a real delight.

5. Main Course, *The Bee Gees* (Atco). Dominated by, but not limited to, a stylized white act's ventures into disco, this excellent effort attracted attention merely as a novelty item with two hit singles; disc jockey friends of mine would just laugh when I asked why they didn't play it. You can't fall much more out of vogue than the Bee Gees—but you couldn't make a much catchier album than this one, either.

6. To Be True, *Harold Melvin and the Blue Notes* (Philadelphia International). With one foot in Vegas (their previous album included a version of "Cabaret") and the other in the disco circuit, the best of the Gamble and Huff acts produces immensely attractive formula music, substituting perfectionism for risk-taking. Though they have since declined somewhat and have subsequently broken up (an abbreviated Blue Notes will reportedly carry on), this album has a singular stylistic purity and an unmistakable gloss. Incidentally, the lead singer is Theodore Pendergrass, not Harold Melvin.

7. Born To Run, *Bruce Springsteen* (Columbia). Less wild-eyed here than on two previous albums but also more controlled and effective, Springsteen channels his energies into making himself understandable to a broad audience, a project with which he is fully and obviously succeeding. He can be more complex than this, but hardly more exciting.

8. Still Caught Up, *Millie Jackson* (Spring). There's a big qualitative gap between this and Springsteen, which is one of the ten-best mentality's biggest disadvantages. Nevertheless, Millie Jackson has developed what sounds like a great gimmick into a wonderfully effective technique: She impersonates both the wife and mistress of the same man, arguing with herself from one side of the record to the next. Jackson is as good an actress as she is a deep-voiced soul singer, and she's perfected a method that shows off her full talents to fine advantage. A sequel to *Caught Up*, this one has a moralistic resolution that belies its predecessor's daring, but it's still strong and sardonic stuff.

9. Ian Hunter (Columbia). As lead singer with the now-defunct Mott The Hoople, Hunter had the erroneous reputation of being 40, owing perhaps to the glimmers of intelligence and introspection behind that cockney swagger. His first solo album combines some of his band's former punch with sadly older-but-wiser lyrics about the outlandish business of being a rock and roller. Outstanding for its self-effacing sense of wonder.

10. Northern Lights—Southern Cross, *The Band* (Capitol). Despite traces of self-conscious striving, The Band still amounts to a pretty potent shadow of its former self; all that's miss-

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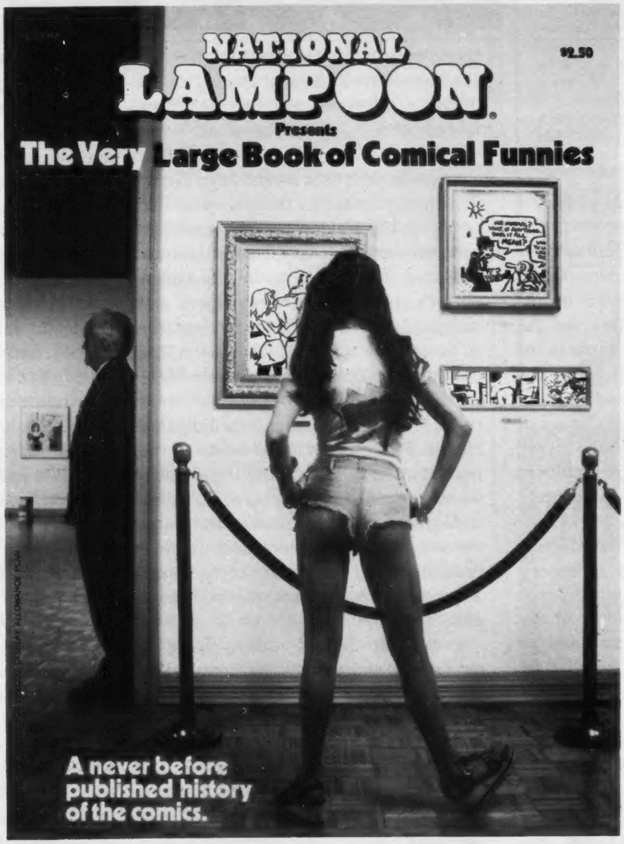
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ing is the novelty, which they can never hope to recapture, and some of that tight, queasy edge. Though this is their first album of new material in years, it's less a comeback than a new installment.

BEST OF THE REST: **Funky Kingston** (Island), the first American issue of some of Toots and the Maytals' Jamaican hits, was the most infectious of the year's reggae releases, but Jimmy Cliff's **Follow My Mind** (Warner Brothers) hardly suffered from its relative sophistication. James Taylor's **Gorilla** (Warner Brothers), the Jefferson Starship's **Red Octopus** (Grunt), Rod Stewart's **Atlantic Crossing** (Warner Brothers), Neil Young's **Zuma** and **Tonight's the Night** (Reprise) and **The Beau Brummels** (Warner Brothers) proved that a variety of old-timers are alive and, with the exception of Young, still kicking.

On the debit side, brisk sales of John Denver's Christmas package, a set of **Windsong** and **Rocky Mountain Christmas** that came complete with a gift-wrapped package—a picture of Denver in a Santa Claus hat, a label for you to write in both your name ("From______") and your friend's ("To________")—established that P.T. Barnum was right.

Books

"Go ahead, get it done . . ."

By Geoffrey Wolff

A Man Named Tony *by Stuart Brown.* Norton (232 pp., $8.95).

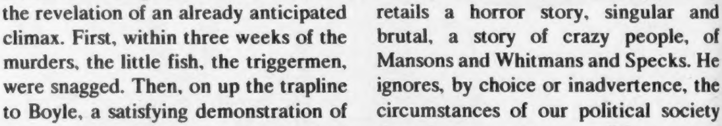
Six years ago the bullet-ridden bodies of Joseph (Jock) Yablonski, his wife and his daughter were discovered by one of Yablonski's sons on the second floor of the family's house in the coal country of Pennsylvania. They had been dead several days when they were found five days after the beginning of the New Year, 1970, and about a month after Yablonski had lost his challenge against W.A. (Tony) Boyle for the presidency of the United Mine Workers. It had been a bitterly contested election campaign, fought as much in federal courts as in union districts, and violence was much in the tradition of the brotherhood for many years ruled by John L. Lewis.

What happened to Yablonski and his family seemed at first to resemble the bloody end of Sharon Tate and her houseguests, an event past the reach of reason or motive, another in the serial mass murders that have given America claim to the champion psychotics of the world. The story of the Sutters in Kansas, of the runaways in Houston, of the victims of the Philadelphia cobbler and his son, of Charles Whitman atop the Texas tower, of Richard Speck: These are of a messy piece, and if they teach anything it is that there is nothing to be learned from them.

But it developed that the Yablonski murders have taught another kind of lesson. The proximate motive for the bloodshed was money: Each of the three men who pulled the triggers was paid $1,700, having forfeited a bonus offered for the death of Yablonski before New Year's Eve. The ultimate and almost casual cause of the murder of a man and two women was the wish of Tony Boyle to rid himself of a nuisance. And four months ago Boyle, 73, was sentenced to three consecutive terms of life for having instructed his subordinates to set up the assassination. The story has been told with considerable thoroughness in newspapers and magazines; it is a tale peculiarly suitable to periodical narration because it has unfolded gradually and inexorably—much as Watergate unfolded—toward the revelation of an already anticipated climax. First, within three weeks of the murders, the little fish, the triggermen, were snagged. Then, on up the trapline to Boyle, a satisfying demonstration of shrewd police detection and tactical brilliance on the part of Richard Sprague, the prosecutor who beat them all.

Stuart Brown has written a responsible account of the crime and its provocations.His narrative is respectable journeyman work, a bit heavy on the drum rolls ("The Odor of Death" is his opening chapter title) and on weather reports ("a midafternoon breeze swept over downtown Erie and sunshine poured into Courtroom Number One . . ."); but these are the conventions of front-page reporting. He covered the case from the beginning through to its conclusion as a print and television journalist in Pennsylvania, and his intention is clearly to tell a dramatic tale with economy and accuracy, and so he does.

But while he yields to no one in his disgust and indignation, he primarily retails a horror story, singular and brutal, a story of crazy people, of Mansons and Whitmans and Specks. He ignores, by choice or inadvertence, the circumstances of our political society that have come to validate assassination, institutional murder. Brown makes much of the violent history of the United Mine Workers, of the contentiousness of its brothers. But the environment in which the crime was committed is more capacious: It embraces the use of murder as an instrument of



Tyrant without character: When president Boyle "came clean" and admitted his part in the Yablonski murders, he thanked UMW members "for lying for me all these years."

foreign policy, the encouragement of murderous factionalism between opposing politicians and the elevation of institutional loyalty to an almost ethereal, and lunatic, plane. What Tony Boyle did the CIA did also, and on a continuing basis. No less than Tony Boyle, fiercely protective of his place and of his reputation, did J. Edgar Hoover stoop to conquer, and take squalid revenge against those who seemed to cross him.

An opponent of Jock Yablonski said after the murder that the dead man was "so goddamn crooked he could hide behind a corkscrew." Such libels were the rule rather than the exception during this sorry episode, but it is true that shortly before Yablonski announced his candidacy for the presidency of the U.M.W. (with the encouragement of Ralph Nader) he was Boyle's toady, speaking of him as a "distinguished president" who "has moved the mine workers of America forward to a greater degree in a six-year period of time than any other president of any other labor organization anywhere in the world."

In fact, as Yablonski knew, Boyle was a lackluster president widely suspected of drawing sweetheart contracts with the mine operators, a man who abused his power as well as the huge pension fund he partly controlled, and a tyrant without character who managed by dexterous intimidation and reward to rule virtually without challenge. He sought to ape the cult of personality that carried John L. Lewis so far—the union's headquarters in Washington displays a bust of Lewis, all indignation, cut from coal, beetling brows and all. But Boyle had no personality; never mind, power was all that mattered, and there is more than a slight resemblance between the blusters of this man and the blusters of Nixon.

Both schemed to no advantage. Just as nothing but terminal stupidity could have upset the Nixon landslide of 1972, so nothing save the murder of Jock Yablonski could have overturned his defeat by Boyle in 1969. The old hubris did both victors in, stupid swagger and mindless resentment of their betters, and fear so generalized (and justified) of their own offenses that sense finally gave way to reflex.

To anyone standing outside the circle drawn by Boyle (or by Nixon), his actions seem merely crazy. But such craziness has increasingly become established, certified, banalized. The story told by David Halberstam in *The Best and the Brightest* is a more elegant and complicated version of the story told here by Stuart Brown. Turn it around if you will: Perhaps Tony Boyle studied at the feet of our national presidents. There is precedent here, and the precedent is not the work of Oswald or Sirhan or Manson.

Tony Boyle gave the hit order. When news of Yablonski's death reached him, he declared himself "shocked and flabbergasted," called for a thorough investigation and offered $50,000 in reward money for the apprehension of the killers. You've heard all that before; it's the style, confirmed in rhetoric and ritual, of presidents. The man who recruited the killers claimed to have acted to save the union from "outsiders," and in "everyday conversation he came across as a perfectly normal man, until you realized that what he was talking about was murder." (Where's Richard Helms?) His immediate superior, declaring his intention to "come clean . . . now that my feather has fallen," thanked his henchmen with institutional courtliness: "I will never forget you for what you've done for me all these years, by lying for me all these years." (Was it said in the Rose Garden, the helicopter at the ready?)

Richard Sprague hounded the guilty up the ladder. According to Stuart Brown, he knew within days of the apprehension of the triggermen that it was Boyle he wanted, and he was relentless and brutal in his pursuit of that miserable man. As it happened, he was right about Boyle's guilt, but life is complicated: Suppose he had been wrong? "I am not running for any office," he told Yablonski's sons. "I am not in this for the publicity . . . . We are going to unlock this entire case, get back to the beginning and get everybody who was involved in it." His appetite for justice was ferocious, the appetite of a predator. In ten years in Philadelphia, he sought the first-degree murder convictions of 65 people, and won them all, save a single conviction for second-degree murder. He didn't lose a single round during the many Yablonski trials, and his capacity to break tough guys, and get their confessions, was awesome. His hunches were all just, he knew he was right, he broke open the case, he won the state its revenge; but his success somehow does not elevate, or discharge, the sordid business. The ugliness more and more looks to be at the dead center of our institutional enterprises.

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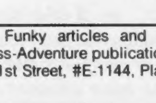

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Euell Gibbons: hobo, naturalist, gentle man

Final Tribute

By Rolf Rykken and Christopher Scanlan

It didn't take long to come up with a new Euell Gibbons joke when he died a couple of days after Christmas.

"What did Euell Gibbons die of?" somebody asked over a bowl of Grape Nuts. "Natural causes," was the reply. He would have liked that.

One of his favorites went this way: "I went to the blood bank one day. I gave a pint of blood and Gibbons gave a pint of sap."

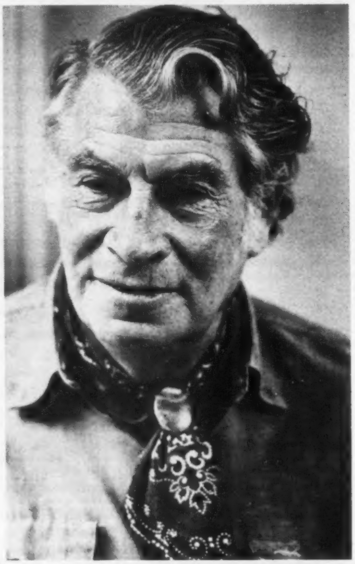
As thick-skinned as a walnut, Euell Gibbons didn't mind being the ecology movement's answer to Polish jokes. "I laugh all the way to the bank," he'd say, borrowing a line from Lawrence Welk. Still, it's unfortunate that he'll probably be remembered by most as a pitchman for General Foods or as one of Johnny Carson's more wholesome one-night stands. For this kindly, silver-haired Texan was so much more: an expert on North American wild plants, a John Muir-like naturalist with a Ph.D. in biology whose best-selling books on natural foods made him a leading voice of the back-to-earth movement.

Long before commercials made Gibbons a marketing expert's dream boy, he was, in his own words, "just a cowboy, farmer, hobo, alcoholic, carpenter, beachcomber, who-knows-what," whose favorite hobby happened to be wild plants.

It wasn't until the early Sixties that, urged by his wife, Freda, he decided to use his hobby. Out came *Stalking the Wild Asparagus,* the first of several survival guides which eventually sold over a million copies. The reasons for the guides' success are varied: Other naturalists had recognized the food value of wild plants, but their discoveries were, for the most part, buried in professional papers; it took Euell Gibbons' highly readable books to capture the imagination of the American public. And then, there were those early commercials, which a crafty Gibbons made sure sold more than just cereal. The Grape Nuts box had to share space with the title of his first book superimposed under his craggy face. In a sense, commercials discovered Euell Gibbons for America.

While those homespun cereal commercials bothered some of his followers, he used what seemed to be an embarrassing contradiction between his love of nature and his role as a processed-food shill to get a forgotten lesson across to the rest of us —that out there beyond the Shakey's and the Safeways, there was sustenance to be found.

So we stalked the wild asparagus and we stalked the blue-eyed scallop and we stalked the healthful herb and we didn't feel too guilty about scarfing an occasional Big Mac because we knew Gibbons wasn't a purist and we didn't have to be either. (He would have been happy if we just walked in the woods.)



"I'm not a natural foods freak," was the first thing he'd say to his audiences on the college lecture circuit. "I never touch wheat germ. I'm not a health-food person. I eat it because my wife puts it in front of me."

But when it came out a year ago that he had an ulcer, he was quick to assure his followers that the root was the aspirin he took for arthritis rather than his dandelion greens, wild onions and sassafras tea.

Gibbons didn't remember how he became interested in plants as food. He liked to bullshit TV interviewers that it all began during the Great Depression when he was so hungry he started eating weeds on a neighbor's front lawn. Eventually, the woman came out and offered something better to eat: "She took me around to the back yard, where she said the weeds were better." The TV guys always ate it up. They figured it was a natural.

One thing Gibbons did remember about his beginnings was that from the time he was 5 he knew that if he mixed hack berries and hickory nuts, he had himself a good candy bar. He had enjoyed doing things like that and believed kids nowadays would too. And so he was upset when the Federal Trade Commission banned the commercial that showed him in a forest, selling Grape Nuts and extolling the virtues of wild plants. The FTC—and some parents, too—had feared children would run out and poison themselves on fatal flora. Gibbons, who knew from 60 years of journeys through America's wilds that nature isn't our enemy, disagreed: "That's how bad our society has become. They're saying, 'We know nature is out to get you.' "

Still, he saw something hopeful in the older kids who besieged him for autographs on their dog-eared copies of his books. "You're rejecting the idea that we are at war with nature," he told a group just weeks before his death. "And that's the most exciting thing happening."

The book he was working on when he died was to be a compendium of every wild plant in North America, detailing their whereabouts and their uses. Years after Earth Day was nothing more than an anniversary on movement calendars, Gibbons was preparing a gift for us, a breadbasket that wasn't wrapped in cellophane, that wasn't freeze-dried or flash-frozen or price-tagged by a computer. If there is anything we should remember about Euell Gibbons, it is not the jokes or the cereal, but his message that the food chain we need for survival isn't McDonald's. ●

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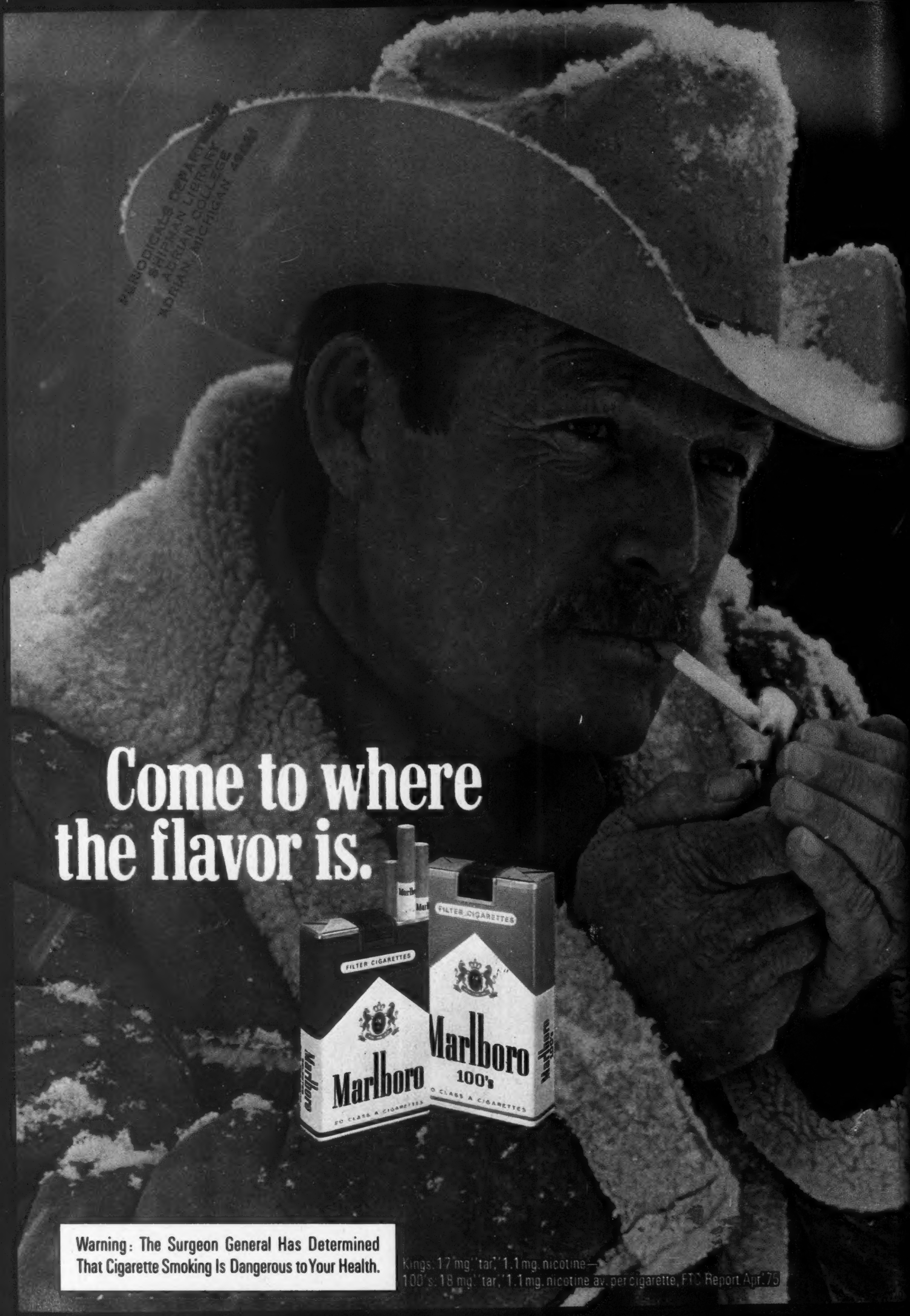
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